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Oconomowoc Pastor Resigns. Oconomowoc—The Rev. Peter E. Nelson has resigned as pastor of Our Savior's Norwegian Lutheran church at Oconomowoc.

# SEE PROSPECT OF NEW ORE REGION

DISTRICT AROUND BLACK RIVER FALLS MAY BE DEVELOPED ON LARGE SCALE.

## MUCH LAND BEING BOUGHT

Whiteside Mining Company Has Purchased Nearly \$10,000 Acres in the Past Five Years—Ore Found Near Surface.

Black River Falls—According to a survey recently completed by the State Geological society and in view of the activities of mining companies, this region, it is thought, may develop into one of the richest iron mining districts in the state.

Five years ago the Whiteside Mining company of Duluth set a diamond drill to work seven miles east of Black River Falls. Considerable work was done, but no one, except the owners and operators ever heard what the result of the prospecting was. But after two years this company began buying land in that section where it had been drilling, until at the present time it owns upwards of 10,000 acres. When the Geological society reported indications of rich iron deposits, the Whiteside company was forced to come out in the open, since no one who owned the land in the section would sell it. The company has paid as high as \$100 an acre for some of its holdings.

Another concern, the Crosby Mining company, has been purchasing land in this locality, and still is buying all it can get. As a consequence of these two companies buying against each other the price of mining ground has in some cases been multiplied ten times.

Now the Whiteside company is installing machinery to open up a mine. Three car loads of equipment were received a few days ago.

The ore in this region is not of a high grade, it is said, but it is near the surface and can be mined at a cost which is said to make it more valuable than high grade ore deeply buried.

## FREIGHT RATES ARE REDUCED

Commission's Ruling Will Save Wisconsin Shippers Many Thousands.

Effective May First.

Madison—The long awaited decision of the railroad rate commission in the Tittmonong freight rate case materially reduces freight rates in Wisconsin.

The order of the commission, signed by Dr. Charles McMurphy, head of the reference library, may be interrupted.

Gov. Phillip has the appointment of two members of the free library commission, and this commission fills the position held by Dr. McCarthy.

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## U. S. MARINE DIES IN FIGHT

One American Is Killed and One Severely Wounded by Santo Domingo Bandits.

Washington, Jan. 24.—A night fight between native bandits and American marines in the Dominican republic, resulting in the death of one marine and the severe injury of another, was reported to the navy department.

Captain Knapp, commanding the American cruiser forces, reported the fight occurred Saturday night in the vicinity of the Porvenir sugar plantation, near Macoris, the scene of two similar encounters recently. Private J. R. Olson of the Fifteenth company was killed and Corporal George Williams of the Fifty-second company was shot in the neck.

The changes in the distance classes must be made on or before May 1, 1917, and are applicable to any single line haul wholly within the state of Wisconsin.

## Mrs. Watrous Passes Away.

Madison—Mrs. Mary Ellen Benedict Watrous, age 73, wife of Lieut. Col. J. A. Watrous, U. S. A., retired, and for many years a well known resident of Milwaukee, died at her home after a critical illness extending over the last three months. Mrs. Watrous had been an invalid for the last three years, and it was realized for many weeks past that the end was but a matter of time.

## Four Pioneers Are Dead.

Beloit—Four of Beloit's oldest residents died within the last three days. They were: I. P. Cadman, 83 years old; Samuel Barr, aged 90, a civil war veteran; Henry Bentland, aged 80, a merchant; and Mrs. George F. Ackley, 65 years old.

Fire Loss at High Mark.

Madison—A total of 205 fires was reported to the state fire marshal during December, involving losses of \$512,565. This is an increase over November, when the total losses were \$322,100, but a decrease over December, 1916.

## Seven Have Diphtheria.

Madison—Seven children in the home of Mrs. Reiske here are ill with diphtheria. Two of the cases are very malignant. Besides these the contagious diseases here have nearly disappeared.

## To Hold Civil Service Tests.

Washington—Civil service examinations will be held on Feb. 24 for rural letter carriers at Duncy, Wausau and Iron River.

## On Yellowstone Trail.

Neenah—Action taken at Oshkosh by the Wisconsin branch of the Yellowstone Trail association resulted in the course of the highway being altered to pass through this city and Neenah.

## Scarlet Fever Cases.

Oshkosh—Health Officer A. H. Broche announces that there are eight cases of scarlet fever here at present. Of these, four cases are among students at the Oshkosh Normal school.

## Brakemen Are Injured.

Stevens Point—Herbert Marsh, a brakeman of this city, was badly injured when a passenger train crashed into the rear of a freight train near Marshfield, damaging the engine and smashing two box cars.

## Stevens Point Wins.

Antigo—Robbers entered the store of Louis Boerner of this city and stole six fur overcoats and the pick of the other high priced furs in stock.

## Resumes Capitol Job.

Stevens Point—Herbert Marsh in this city has taken up the position of assistant document clerk in the senate chamber of the capitol in Madison. He has been employed by the legislature the last four sessions.

## Undersheriff Is Named.

Birchwood—Sheriff Frank O'Connor of Waushara county has appointed W. S. Whitehead of Spooner, undersheriff. A. E. Sampson of Minong and John H. Craig of Birchwood deputies.

## Describes French Life.

Delafield—Capt. Ian Bell Hay, representing the British government, spoke in St. John's Military academy on the personal side of trench life as an officer of the first English forces sent to France.

## Girl Burns to Death.

Oshkosh—Myrtle Mulchow, 5 years old, is dead here as the result of her clothes catching fire, when she lighted a Christmas tree left up since the holidays.

# DOES THIS CALL FOR FEDERAL INVESTIGATION?



## HITS STEEL CO. HEAD TROOPSHIP HITS MINE

SECRETARY DANIELS DECLARIES SCHWAB IS NOT PATRIOT.

ASSERTS NOT ONE IN ELEVEN SHELLS MADE BY BETHLEHEM COMPANY IS ACCEPTABLE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—Sweeping charges of inefficiency, lack of patriotism and attempt to hold up the government were made against American munition manufacturers by Secretary Daniels on Sunday.

Charles M. Schwab and the Bethlehem Steel company are mentioned specifically in the secretary's statement. Figures are given showing that less than 1 per cent of a lot of 11,000 shells submitted by the Bethlehem company were acceptable to the naval examiners. On the other hand, all the shells submitted by Hindsight, Limited, the English concern, to which city, says the Overseas News

Washington, Jan. 24.—Inquiry has been made of Germany as to whether there were any Americans among the 103 neutral sailors brought in as prisoners of war on the German prize Yarrowdale for having taken pay or armed merchantmen. The inquiry was made entirely on press reports and not on any official information which has come to the state department.

Secretary Daniels says he would not make these figures public if he did not believe the facts were already known about.

After praising some of the manufacturers for willingness to assume their share in the program of preparedness, Mr. Daniels says:

"That other large manufacturers of war material should persist in extracting the last penny of profit from our urgent necessity gives a certain color to the arguments of those who believe that preparedness is a synonym for profits and not patriotism."

## NO BRITISH SHELLS FOR U. S.

BRITAIN Cancels Bid Made By English Concern—Minister of Munitions in Control of Steel Output.

London, Jan. 26.—The British government has refused permission to Hindsight, Ltd., to proceed with work on the contract for shells for the American navy "so long as the exigencies of war continue."

The announcement is made in the form of an official notice by Christopher Addison, the minister of munitions, in which attention is called to the fact that the entire steel output is under his control.

The British firm recently was awarded the contract to supply shells for the United States navy when its bid was found to be \$200 lower per shell than that of any American firm in open bidding.

## FOUR KILLED IN COLLISION

BLINDING SNOWSTORM Prevents the Chauffeur From Seeing Train Near Jackson, Mich.

JACKSON, Mich., Jan. 23.—Four men were killed and one fatally injured when a Michigan Central train struck an automobile on Sunday seven miles east of this city. The dead:

A. H. Liley, aged forty-five, Cleveland, O.

Gustave Rost, aged thirty-five, Cleveland.

Al Cottle, aged thirty-eight, Cleveland.

Henry Reiser, aged thirty, of Jackson, Mich., was fatally injured.

The men were returning from Leavenworth to Jackson after attending a cock fight. On account of a blinding snowstorm the driver of the car failed to see the approaching train.

## BOPP MUT SERVE TWO YEARS

Former German Consul at San Francisco Given Prison Term and \$10,000 Fine.

San Francisco, Jan. 24.—Franz Bopp, former German consul general here must serve two years' imprisonment and pay \$10,000 fine for violation of American neutrality. This sentence was pronounced on him by United States District Judge Hunt on Monday, after the court had overruled a motion for a new trial for Bopp and his convicted associates. Bopp was found guilty on two counts of the indictment. On the first he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and \$5,000 fine and on the second one year's imprisonment and \$5,000 fine. It was stated, however, that his actual sentence will be two years and \$10,000 fine, as the prison terms will run concurrently.

## BLAST DEATH LIST SIXTY

London Explosion Was Like an Eruption From Volcano—Many Workers Wounded.

London, Jan. 23.—The death toll of nearly the munition plant explosion is now 60. In ten hospitals 21 persons died and there are 112 patients receiving treatment, it is reported. In addition 205 persons suffering from lighter injuries were reported. A portion of the area of London was shaken severely when the chemical plant was blown up, scattering destruction over a considerable section of the district.

## ARKANSAS GOES "BONE DRY."

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 26.—The Arkansas house of representatives passed a bill making it a crime for any person dealing in potatoes to attempt to create a monopoly.

## BILLY SUNDAY GETS \$50,828.

BOSTON, Jan. 23.—Billy Sunday wound up his soul-saving campaign in Boston by departing for

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FIFTY DAY SESSION URGED FOR LEGISLATURE

Madison—A member of the assembly has requested the legislative reference library to draft a resolution to amend the constitution so that fifty day sessions of the legislature may be held annually. This would not prohibit the calling of special sessions of the legislature.

## MADISON MAN SHOOTS WIFE

Refusing to Live With Husband Cause of Tragedy—Separated Three Months Ago.

Madison—After two attempts to effect a reconciliation with his wife, from whom he had been separated several months, William Bunn, a machinist, is alleged to have shot and killed Mrs. Bunn and then escaped.

Dunn went to the home of Guy P. Dodge, where his wife was engaged as a cook, and asked her if she would come back to him. When she answered "No!" Bunn, it is claimed, opened fire. The bullet pierced the woman's heart.

Mrs. Bunn was 40 years old and leaves a son, Melvin, 7 years old. She was separated from her husband in October, when Bunn was arraigned in court here for assault, on the complaint of his wife.

After a police search extending over the entire city, Bunn was captured in his room. He had barricaded the door and when officers broke the door in they were confronted by Bunn with a revolver in his hand, but he made no resistance.

## DONALD MAY BE CANDIDATE

It is Rumored That Former Secretary of State May Run For Governor at the Next Election.

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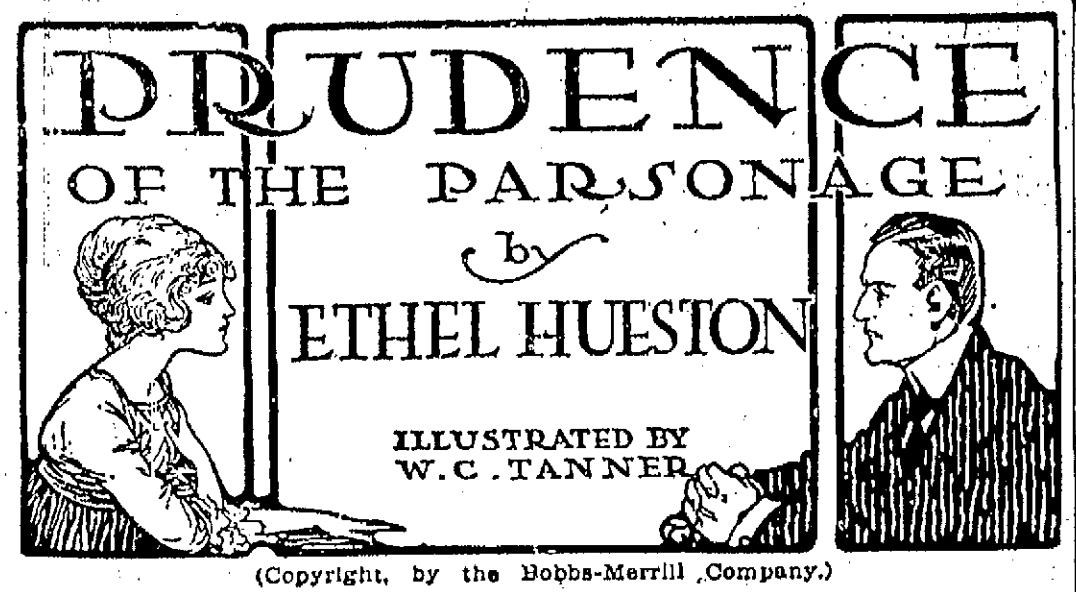
Cottages Are Ransacked.

Neenah—Many summer cottages on the north shore of Lake Winnebago have been broken into and robbed. The owners of the cottages are Neenah and Appleton people.

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## HITS STEEL CO. HEAD TRO



IT WAS A LUSCIOUS APPLE THAT GOT OLD MOTHER EVE INTO TROUBLE, AND APPLES IT IS THAT MAKE TROUBLE FOR CONNIE AND THE TWINS.

Mr. Starr, a widower Methodist minister, has been assigned to the congregation at Mount Mark, Ia. He has five daughters, Prudence, the eldest, who keeps house; Fairy, Carol and Lark, who are twins, and Constance. Their advent stirs the curiosity of all Mount Mark, and members of the Ladies' Aid lose no time in getting acquainted and asking a million questions. Prudence, who is nineteen, has her hands full with the mischievous twins and Connie, but is moved to defend them valiantly when some of the good ladies of the congregation suggest that an older woman is needed to run the family.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Indeed they are not," cried Prudence loudly. "They are young, lively, mischievous, I know—and I am glad of it. But I have lived with them ever since they were born, and I ought to know them. They are unselfish, they are sympathetic, they are always generous. They do foolish and irritating things—but never things that are hateful and mean. They are all right at heart, and that is all that counts. They are not bad girls! What have they done today? They were exasperating, and humiliating, too, but what did they do that was really mean? They embarrassed and mortified me, but not intentionally! I can't punish them for the effect on me, you know! Would that be just or fair? At heart, they meant no harm."

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Carol gazed down into the yard where Constance was absorbed in her book. "Constance ought to read as much as she does," she argued. "It's so bad for the eyes."

"Yes, and what's more, she's been getting off too easy for the last few days. The time is nearly up."

"That's so," said Lark. "Let's call her up here." This was done at once, and the unfortunate Constance stood before them respectfully, as they had instructed her to stand. The twins hesitated, each secretly hoping the other would voice the order. But Lark, as usual, was obliged to be the spokesman.

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"But it's stealing," objected Connie. "What will Prudence?"

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After she had gone the twins lay back thoughtfully on the hay and stared at the cobwebby roof above them in silence for a while. Something was hurting them, but whether it was their fear of the wrath of Prudence, or the twinges of tender consciences—

—who can say?

"She's an uncouthly long time about it," exclaimed Lark at last. "Do you suppose they caught her?"

This was an awful thought, and the girls were temporarily suffocated. But they heard the barn door swing beneath them, and sighed with relief. It was Connie! She climbed the ladder skillfully, and poured her golden treasures before the arch-thieves, Skull and Crossbones.

There were eight big, tempting apples.

"Huh! Eight!" said Carol sternly. "I said twelve!"

"Yes, but I was afraid someone was coming, I heard such a noise through the grapevines, so I got what I could and ran for it. There's three apiece for you, and two for me," said Connie, sitting down sociably beside them on the hay.

But Carol rose. "Damsel, begone," she ordered. "When Skull and Crossbones feast, thou canst not yet share the festive board. Ilse thee, and she always is to be found in the joy of growth and progress. In all these ways honest pleasure is to be found."

Connie rose, and walked soberly toward the ladder. But before she disappeared she fired this parting shot: "I don't want any of them. Stolen apples don't taste very good, I reckon."

Carol and Lark had the grace to flush a little at this, but however the stolen apples tasted, the twins had no difficulty in disposing of them. Then, full almost beyond the point of comfort, they slid down the hay chutes, went out the back way, turned the corner, and came quite in through the front door of the parsonage.

Prudence was in the kitchen preparing the evening meal. Fairy was in the sitting room; busy with her books. The twins set the table conscientiously, dried the woodbox; and in every way labored irreproachably. But Prudence had no word of praise for them that evening. She hardly seemed to know they were about the place. She went about her work with a pale face, and never a smile to be seen.

Supper was nearly ready when Connie sauntered in from the barn. After leaving the haymow, she had found a cozy corner, in the corner, with two heavy lamps obscured by the twins that night from wolves, and had settled down there to finish her story.

As she stepped into the kitchen Prudence turned to her with such a sorry, reproachful gaze that Connie was frightened.

"Did you get my application?" she had whispered nervously.

But the twins had sturdied her out of countenance, and Connie realized that she had committed a serious breach of secret society etiquette.

Then the twins pondered long on a fitting reply, and the next afternoon the postman brought a letter for Connie, waiting impatiently for it. She had approached the twins about it at noon that day.

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"Are you sick, Prue?" she gasped.

Prudence did not answer. She went to the door and called Fairy. "Wait getting supper, will you, Fairy? And when you are all ready, you and the twins go right on eating. Don't wait for father—he isn't coming home until evening. Come upstairs with me, Connie; I want to talk to you."

Connie followed her sister soberly, and the twins flashed at each other startling and questioning looks.

The three girls were at table when Prudence came into the dining room alone. She fixed a tray-supper quietly and carried it off upstairs. Then she came back and sat down by the table. But her face bore marks of tears, and she had no appetite. The twins had felt small liking for their food before; now each mouthful seemed to choke them. But they dared not ask a question. They were devoutly thankful when Fairy finally voiced their interest. "What is the matter? Has Connie been in mischief?"

"It's worse than that," faltered Prudence, tears rushing to her eyes again.

"Why, Prudence! What in the world has she done?"

"I may as well tell you, I suppose you'll have to know it sooner or later. She—went out into Avery's orchard and stole some apples this afternoon. I was back in the alley seeing 15 Mrs. Moon could do the washing, and I saw her from the other side. She went from tree to tree, and when she got through the fence she ran. There's no mistake about it—she confessed!" The twins looked up in agony, but Prudence's face reassured them. Constance had told no tales. "I have told her she must spend all of her time upstairs alone for a week, taking her meals there, too. She will go to school, of course, but that is all. I want her to see the awfulness of it. I told her

she must be held to her word, that she will, for the length of two weeks, submit herself to the will of Skull and Crossbones, she shall be admitted into the Ancient and Honorable Order.

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# WOULD ABOLISH GAME COMMISSION

COMMITTEE URGES GIVING LAND BOARD POWER TO NAME CONSERVATION OFFICERS.

## GOV. PHILIPP IS INTERESTED

Conservation Commission Was Created During His First Term and Any Attempt to Dissolve Body Will Bring Sharp Protest.

Madison—Something of a sensation for the legislature is to be found in the tentative report of the committee appointed by the legislature two years ago to investigate and codify the statutes relating to state land laws.

The report under consideration for presentation at this session calls for the abolition of the present conservation commission, which would take from the governor the power to appoint officials in charge of game conservation and propagation.

It is understood the bill to be introduced, based on the findings of the committee, would give the present land commission powers now vested in the conservation board, to appoint a state supervisor of trust funds and trust lands; a fish and game commissioner, and a state forester.

Gov. Philipp is known to be especially interested in the conservation commission, which was created during his first term. The conservation board has outlined a big program to improve fish and game laws, and it is certain that any attempt to abolish this body will develop sharp opposition.

Of the members of the legislative committee which investigated the land laws Senator George B. Shogren and Senator Henry Huber are the only ones who are members of this legislature.

## MAY CLOSE SOLDIERS HOME

Run Down Condition of Institution Is Reason Given by Chairman Wood for Abolition.

Washington—Unless the Milwaukeeans interested in retaining the Soldiers' Home make out their case, there is a disposition in the house appropriations committee to abolish it, Jan. 2, 1918, by cutting off appropriations.

When the maintenance of the Milwaukee home was discussed, in a discussion of the sundry civil bill, Gen. Wood, chairman of the board of managers of the national soldiers' homes, presented the reasons why the home at Milwaukee should be closed.

They were the same as he has already made public, that the equipment physically is run down and that to repair it will take too much money considering its advantages.

Congressman W. H. Stafford, questioning Gen. Wood, brought out that the equipment physically is run down and that to repair it will take too much money considering its advantages.

Madison—After having spent the last ten years of his life perfecting a scheme to naked alcohol from the dregs wastes of paper mills, Charles Marchand, a chemist who had been trying out the process in the Kimberly Clark mills at Kimberly, near Appleton, died recently at New York city, of apoplexy, before his dream had been realized.

Marchand was well advanced in years, and had been suffering from poor health for some time. About two months ago he left for New York, to complete arrangements for his scheme. He believed that he could make alcohol cheaper than gasoline, and claimed it would supplant gasoline as a motive power. His experiment plant is still at Kimberly, and it is believed the company will continue his experiments.

Barbers May Raise Prices.

Barbers—Barbers of Racine will hold a business session within a short time to further consider a proposed advance in their scale of rates for hair cuts and shaves. There has been some agitation toward boosting the price of hair cuts to 50 cents and the cost of a shave to 20 cents.

Another Woman Seeks Office.

Plainfield—Miss Loretta Boursier will be a candidate for county superintendent of schools for Portage county and will oppose Miss Frances Bannach, who now holds this office.

Wife of Official Dies.

Oshkosh—Mrs. Anna C. Harrington, wife of John Harrington, inheritance tax commissioner for the state of Wisconsin, died suddenly at her home here. Death was caused by heart failure.

Former Village President Dies.

Plainfield—Henry Ferguson, 56 years old, former president of this village and of the village of Marshall, died from pneumonia. He had suffered from paralysis.

May Establish Park.

Stevens Point—A committee of business men has secured options covering two blocks and land adjoining the Sod- line division headquarters depot, recently burned, and plans to furnish the railway company a larger site and also fit up a public park there.

Drops Dead in Street.

Ashland—John Greenwald, 35 years old, well known resident of Odanah, dropped dead on the street here from heart failure.

Racine Woman Seriously Burned.

Racine—While trying to push a furnace fire with a dash of kerosene Mrs. Catherine Zornes was seriously burned about the face and arms. At the hospital it was said that while the woman's burns were severe she will recover.

Economow Factor Resigns.

Economow—The Rev. Peter E. Nelson has resigned as pastor of Our Savior's Norwegian Lutheran church at Economow.

FIFTY DAY SESSION URGED FOR LEGISLATURE

Madison—A member of the assembly has requested the legislative reference library to draft a resolution to amend the constitution so that fifty day sessions of the legislature may be held annually. This would not prohibit the calling of special sessions of the legislature.

MADISON MAN SHOOTS WIFE

Refusing to Live with Husband Cause of Tragedy—Separated Three Months Ago.

Madison—After two attempts to effect a reconciliation with his wife, from whom he had been separated several months, William Bunn, a machinist, is alleged to have shot and killed Mrs. Bunn and then escaped.

Bunn went to the home of Guy P. Dodge, where his wife was engaged as a cook, and asked her if she would come back to him. When she answered "No" Bunn, it is claimed, opened fire. The bullet pierced the woman's heart.

Mrs. Bunn was 49 years old and leaves a son, Melvin, 7 years old. She was separated from her husband in October, when Bunn was arraigned in court here for assault, on the complaint of his wife.

After a police search extending over the entire city, Bunn was captured in his room. He had barricaded the door and when officers broke the door in they were confronted by Bunn with a revolver in his hand, but he made no resistance.

## DONALD MAY BE CANDIDATE

It is Rumored That Former Secretary of State May Run for Governor at the Next Election.

Madison—Although the next state campaign is nearly two years in the future, it is being rumored in Madison that John S. Donald, former secretary of state, is to be supported by at least a portion of the faction which opposed Gov. E. L. Philipp in the last campaign.

Incidentally, there is gossip in the state capitol that the long range of Dr. Charles McCarthy, head of the reference library, may be interrupted.

Gov. Philipp has the appointment of two members of the free library commission, and this commission fills the position held by Dr. McCarthy.

It is known that the governor recently offered one of these places to former Senator John M. Whitehead of Janesville, but that Mr. Whitehead declined any appointment for the present. The other place, it is said, was offered to Judge Emil Baensch of Manitowoc, and he may accept it.

## DRY BILL BEFORE ASSEMBLY

Measure Introduced for Statewide Referendum on Prohibition Question at 1918 Election.

Madison—A referendum bill on the question of "wet and dry" was offered in the assembly by Assemblyman William T. Ejvind of Madison.

The bill provides for a statewide referendum on the prohibition question at the November election, 1918. If adopted, the measure shall become effective Jan. 1, 1920.

Any person who shall violate the provisions of the section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and for the first offense shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$100 or more than \$500, or by imprisonment for not less than ninety days nor more than one year, or by both fine and imprisonment. In case of a subsequent offense the penalty shall be by both fine and imprisonment.

To Fight White Pine Blister.

Madison—White pine blaster, the appearance of which in Wisconsin has alarmed foresters and lumbermen, is believed to have been first brought into the state in importations of young trees from Germany in 1902. The state will be asked for \$7,500 for each of the next three years to guard against its spread.

Four Pioneers Are Dead.

Beloit—Four of Beloit's oldest residents died within the last three days. They were: L. P. Cadman, 82 years old; Samuel Barr, aged 90, a civil war veteran; Henry Bentland, aged 80, a merchant; and Mrs. George F. Ackley, 65 years old.

Fire Loss at High Mark.

Madison—A total of 295 fires was reported to the state fire marshall during December, involving losses of \$51,225. This is an increase over November, when the total losses were \$32,210, but a decrease over December, 1915.

Seven Have Diphtheria.

Stevens Point—Seven children in the home of Mrs. Reinhart here are ill with diphtheria. Two of the cases are very malignant. Besides these the contagious diseases here have nearly disappeared.

Menasha After Tourney.

Menasha—Menasha bowling enthusiasts are confident of landing the 1918 tournament of the Wisconsin State Bowling association. Seven teams will be entered in the meet at Watertown this year, the entries to be made up of Menasha and Menasha bowlers.

Robbers Get Furs.

Antigo—Robbers entered the fur store of Louis Boerner of this city and stole six fur overcoats and the pick of the other high priced furs in stock.

Resumes Capitol Job.

Stevens Point—Herbert Marsh of this city has taken up the position of assistant document clerk in the senate chamber of the capitol in Madison. He has been employed by the legislature the last four sessions.

Undersheriff Is Named.

Birchwood—Sheriff Frank O'Connor of Washburn county has appointed W. S. Whitehead of Spooner, undersheriff. A. E. Sampson of Minong and John H. Craig of Birchwood deputies.

Describes French Life.

Delafield—Capt. Ian Beith Hay, representing the British government, spoke in St. John's Military Academy on the personal side of trench life as an officer of the first English forces sent to France.

Girl Burns to Death.

Oshkosh—Myrtle Malchow, 5 years old, is dead here as the result of her clothes catching fire, when she lit a Christmas tree left up since the holidays.

Bank Robbers Wound Three.

Oshkosh—Many summer cottages on the north shore of Lake Winnebago have been broken into and robbed. The owners of the cottages are Neenah and Appleton people.

## SEE PROSPECT OF NEW ORE REGION

DISTRICT AROUND BLACK RIVER FALLS MAY BE DEVELOPED ON LARGE SCALE.

## MUCH LAND BEING BOUGHT

Whiteside Mining Company Has Purchased Nearly \$10,000 Acres in the Past Five Years—Ore Found Near Surface.

Black River Falls—According to a survey recently completed by the State Geological society and in view of the activities of mining companies, this region, it is thought, may develop into one of the richest iron mining districts in the state.

Five years ago the Whiteside Mining company of Duluth set a diamond drill to work seven miles east of Black River Falls. Considerable work was done, but no one except the owners and operators ever heard what the result of the prospecting was. But after two years this company began buying land in that section where it had been drilling, until at the present time it stands up to 10,000 acres. When the Geological society reported indication of rich iron deposits, the Whiteside company was forced to come out in the open, since no one who owned land in the section would sell it. The company has paid as high as \$100 an acre for some of its holdings.

Another concern, the Crosby Mining company, has been purchasing land in this locality, and still is buying all it can get. As a consequence of these two companies buying against each other the price of mining ground has in some cases been multiplied ten times.

Now the Whiteside company is installing machinery to open up a mine. Three cars of equipment were received.

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## FREIGHT RATES ARE REDUCED

Commission's Ruling Will Save Wisconsin Shippers Many Thousands. Effective May First.

Madison—The long awaited decision of the railroad rate commission in the Timmores freight rate case materially reduces freight rates in Wisconsin.

The order of the commission, signed, applies to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Soo, the Chicago & North-Western and the Omaha lines. Jurisdiction of the proceedings as they apply to the Green Bay & Western and the Keweenaw, Green Bay & Western will be retained for further action.

The decision affects class rate.

O. N. MORTENSEN, M. D.  
Nash Block  
Grand Rapids, Wisconsin  
Office hours: 10 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m.  
Phones: Office 997; Residence 828  
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LAWYER  
Loans and Collections, Commercial and Probate Law. Office across from Church's Drug Store

Personal Attention Given All Work. Office phone 251. Residence 186

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**THRIFT DAY**

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HEMO can be readily digested when other foods distress. That's why it gives 100% nourishment.

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Makes a delicious food drink by simply adding water.

We suggest that you try a 50c package, with our guarantee of satisfaction.

**OTTO'S PHARMACY**

Grand Rapids, Wis.

**The Bank that does things for you!**

## EVERY ITEM NEWS FOR SOMEBODY

Community Events of the Past Week from Various Parts of the County

—Published by—  
W. A. DRUMB & A. B. SUTOR

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Keep your eye peeled tomorrow, for that is ground-hog day, and if the sun is shining we will have six weeks more winter, but if it is not, get out your light underwear, put the fur out away and prepare for spring, for cold weather will be over. At least, that is what they say, until it might be well not to change underwear for a few days and to have the fur coat where you can get at it handy.

The lawmowers down at Madison have evolved the idea of abolishing the personal property tax on automobiles and having a license fee imposed that will be graded in proportion to the horsepower of the car. This has been recommended by the tax commission, but the plan is not being received with any great enthusiasm by the people at home, as many cities will be cut out of a large share of the personal property tax by this method. Just as well, it is said, on every possible question, while the owner of any other vehicle pays only the ordinary personal property tax, this then can be understood by most people, but the auto owners seem to stand it up to date there has been very little kick. The auto owner does not care so much about paying a special tax if the money is only used on the roads, where it should be, as he realizes that the roads need the money, but most of them do object to it being used to defray the expenses of the fellows who draw fat salaries down at Madison.

Alfred Bopson who is employed at Bixby, spent Sunday at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moll of Grand Rapids spent Sunday evening at the Durfee home.

Andrew Lindquist has gone to Bessmer, Michigan, where he will be employed.

Misses Ella and Ruth Henrichson of Grand Rapids spent Sunday at the home of their parents here.

Rudolph Miller of Plover was a caller at the John Walter home on Monday.

Edward Mihl who has been visiting at the John Walter home for the past three weeks left Tuesday for his home near Wausau.

Charley Anderson of Merrill is spending the week here.

Andrew Lindquist has gone to Bessmer, Michigan, where he will be employed.

Misses Ella and Ruth Henrichson of Grand Rapids spent Sunday at the home of their parents here.

W. W. Clark

**THE COST OF HIGH LIVING**

Too Much Extravagance in Attempting to Live Like Royalty

The success attending the boycott on eggs and turkeys serves to remind us of the remark of a recent writer who ventured the opinion that it was not so much the high cost of living that was the cost of high living that was troubling the country at this time.

The writer placed his finger on one of the sorest spots in our domestic economy.

We're the most extravagant people on earth.

Fifty years ago our fathers would have sworn mighty but righteous oaths had any been guilty of extravagance. They lived in a manner that we of this day would consider the extreme of harshness.

Our grandmothers could they come back, would be thoroughly scandalized at our exorbitant extravagance, and it is strange to us that they managed to extract about as much happiness from life as we do if not a little more.

It has been said that the luxuries of one generation are the necessities of the next.

If this is true, the outlook in a few generations is truly appalling.

Given all of our luxuries as their necessities, with proportionate luxuries of their own, we may have yet even dreamed, to what gigantic extent will extravagance have reached.

The picture is not a promising one. In fact, it is by no means attractive.

It has been said that an European peasant's family would live in comfort on what the average American kitchen consigns to the swill barrel. And we haven't a doubt of the truth of the assertion.

Here's the American pace: Mr. and Mrs. B. worth half a million, aspire to live on the same scale as Mr. and Mrs. A. who are worth \$1 million. And Mr. and Mrs. C. worth only a quarter of a million, would keep pace with the B's, and so on down the line.

Really, isn't it time for the sober, intelligent citizenship of the country to call a halt on the high-spirited, senseless and even idiotic extravagance of the age?

There is an end to every string, and the American people are a mighty long way from the beginning.

A movement is on foot among the residents of Port Edwards and Neeko to have the street car company run a car leaving Grand Rapids at 11:30 p. m. arriving at Neeko at 12:00. The last car now leaves Grand Rapids at 10:30 in order to give the men who live at the Rapids and work at the Port time to get home.

Fred Haas lost a valuable horse Friday.

That unwelcome guest of grippe is making calls in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Bathke and son visited Sunday at the home of August Bathke.

Mrs. Tony Wacholtz spent Monday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Haas.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rahder and Mrs. Ernest Beck and Mr. and Mrs. Herman J. Janssen visited Sunday at the Wm. Wacholtz home.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Koch spent Sunday at the Wm. Wacholtz home, Mrs. Koch remaining a few days.

Once in a while you will run into a man who is about as useful as a bear operator at a prohibition meeting.

Maybe it would help some if they would let the dogs alone and muzzle some of the men.

Even the geometrical expert who knows that there is no such thing as the Biggest Half is always trying to get it.

Alfred Benson was on the sick list last week.

John Johnson is in receipt of a letter from his nephew, Chas. W. Johnson, who is visiting his old home in Sweden. Chas. says they took him to England for examination, before allowing him to proceed to Sweden.

Jeff Akey was on the sick list the past week.

Harry Richards was at Stevens Point and Amherst a few days the past week.

C. C. Cummings was on the sick list last week.

Miss Sharste who went to Canada two years ago is back on a visit with relatives.

The dance given at the Park hall last Thursday was a grand success, the hall being crowded to its full capacity.

J. Easter was on the sick list the past week.

Chas. Stulp was laid up with an attack of rheumatism the greater part of last week.

Misses Genevieve and Jessie Gaffney, who are teaching north of here, spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Louis Ule has a crew of men engaged here putting the gates in the new dam.

Fred Newby was on the sick list the past week.

W. O. Barton was a business caller in Grand Rapids last week.

Miss Pearl Akey was absent from her school two days last week on account of the snow.

John Johnson, oil village treasurer, was in Grand Rapids last Thursday on business.

—ALTDORF

Marie Loecey went to Minneapolis last Friday.

The cheese factory is again completed and about ready to run. There was a dance there Tuesday night.

Mrs. Anton Arvidt has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Wintlyn at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Wintlyn are the proud parents of a baby girl.

Rosa Kunder is working at the W. W. Wintlyn home in Arpin.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Scheurer left for Milwaukee Saturday to visit a couple of weeks with relatives and friends.

Josie Senn visited in Grand Rapids last week.

Sophia Schlitter is suffering with a sore cold.

A man who has a case of rheumatism in good working order can't understand why the government wastes money in maintaining a weather bureau.

Town order books for sale at this office.

—DOES IT PAY TO TEST YOUR COWS?

Andrew Buteyn has returned from a week's stay in Waupun and Chicago.

Hilmer Holberg of Grand Rapids was a guest at the Nelson home last week.

John Broslowitz is having a fine new house built.

Gust Henrichson is home from Merrill, where he has been employed.

Anor Johnson has gone to his home at Ludington, Michigan, after spending some time here.

Paul Kromated, who is employed at Merrill, visited home folks a few days last week.

Arvid Hockstra of Arpin received \$100 for one graded cow.

Wm. Behling of Wausau sold a cow for \$170.

John W. Lohman of Wausau sold a cow for \$170.

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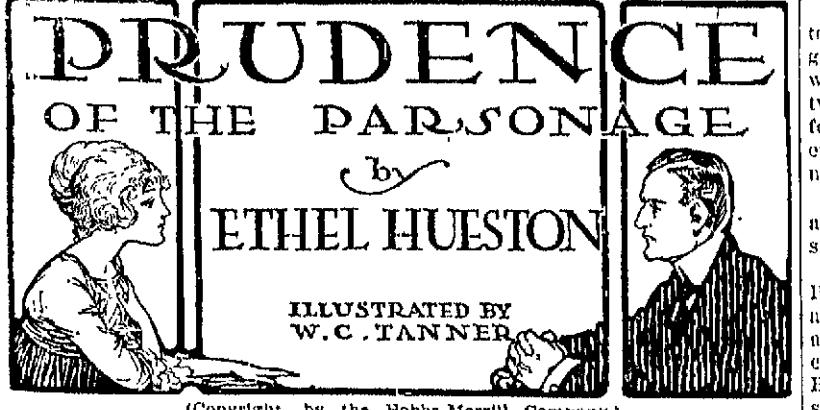
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ILLUSTRATED BY  
W. C. TANNER

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## IT WAS A LUSCIOUS APPLE THAT GOT OLD MOTHER EVE INTO TROUBLE, AND APPLES IT IS THAT MAKE TROUBLE FOR CONNIE AND THE TWINS.

Mr. Starr, a widower Methodist minister, has been assigned to the congregation at Mount Mark, Ia. He has five daughters, Prudence, the eldest, who keeps house; Fairy, Carol and Lark, who are twins, and Constance, their advent sister the curiosity of all Mount Mark, and members of the Ladies' Aid, less no time in getting acquainted and asking a million questions. Prudence, who is nineteen, has her hands full with the mischievous twins and Connie, but is moved to defend them valiantly when some of the good ladies of the congregation suggest that an older woman is needed to run the family.

## CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Indeed they are not," cried Prudence indignantly. "They are young, lively, mischievous, I know—and I am glad of it. But I have lived with them ever since they were born, and I ought to know them. They are unselfish, they are sympathetic, they are always generous. They do foolish and irritating things—but never things that are hurtful and mean. They are all right at heart, and that is all that counts. They are not bad girls! What have they done today? They were what I call it, and embarrassed and mortified me, but not intentionally! I can't punish them for the effect on me, you know! Would that be just or fair? At heart, I would mean no harm."

It must be confessed that there were many serious faces among the ladies. Some cheeks were flushed, some eyes were downcast, some lips were compressed and some were trembling. Every mother there was asking in her heart, "Did I punish my children just for the effect on me? Did I judge my children by what was in their hearts, or just by the trouble they made me?"

And the silence lasted so long that it became awkward. Finally Mrs. Prentiss crossed the room and stood by Prudence's side. She laid a hand tenderly on the young girl's arm, and in a voice that was slightly tremulous: "I believe you are right, my dear. It is what girls are at heart that really counts. I believe your sisters are all you say they are. And one thing I am very sure of—they are happy girls to have a sister so patient and loving and just. Not all real mothers have as much to their credit!"

## CHAPTER IV.

## A Secret Society.

Carol and Lark, in keeping with their twiship, were the dearest chums and comrades. To them the great, rambling barn back of the parsonage was a most delightful place. It had a big cowshed on one side, and horse stalls on the other, with a "heavenly" haymow over all, and with "chutes" for the descent of hay—and twins!

Now the twins had a secret society—of which they were the founders, the officers and the membership body. Its name was Skull and Crossbones. Lark furnished the brain power for the organization, but her sister was an enthusiastic and energetic second. Carol's club name was Lady Gwendolyn, and Lark's was Sir Alfred Angelcourt, ordinarily, although subject to frequent change. The old barn saw stirring times after the coming of the new parsonage family!

"Hark! Hark!" sounded a hissing whisper from the corncrib, and Connie, eavesdropping outside the barn, listened sympathetically.

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" wailed the unfortunate lady.

"Look! Look! Run for your life!"

Then while Connie clutched the barn door in a frenzy, there was a sound of rattling corn as the twins scrambled upward, a silence, a low thud, and an unromantic "Ouch!" as Carol bumped her head and stumbled.

"Are you assaulted?" shouted the bold Sir Alfred, and Connie heard a wild scuffle as he rescued his companion from the clutches of the old hatter on which she had stumbled. Up the haymow ladder they hurried, and then slid recklessly down the hay chutes. Presently the barn door was flung open, and the "society" knocked Connie flying backward, ran madly around the barn a few times, and scurried under the fence and into the chicken coop.

A little later Connie, assaulted with shots of corncocks, ran blithely toward the house. "Peekin'" was strictly for children when the twins were engaged in Skull and Crossbones activities.

And Connie's soul burned with desire. She felt that this secret society was threatening not only her happiness, but also her health, for she could not sleep for horrid dreams of Skulls and Crossbones at night, and could not eat for envying the twins their secret and mysterious joys. Finally she applied to Prudence, and received assistance.

The afternoon mail brought to the parsonage an envelope addressed to "Misses Carol and Lark Starr, the Methodist Parsonage, Mount Mark, Iowa," and in the lower left-hand corner was a suggestive drawing of a Skull and Crossbones. The eyes of the mischievous twins twinkled with delight when they saw it, and they carried it to the barn for prompt perusal. We read now follows:

"Miss Constance Starr, humbly and respectfully craves admittance into the Ancient and Honorable Organization of Skull and Crossbones."

The twins pondered long on a fitting reply, and the next afternoon the postman brought a letter for Connie, waiting impatiently for it. She had upbraided the twins about it at noon that day.

"Did you get my application?" she had whispered nervously.

But the twins had stard her out of countenance, and Connie realized that she had committed a serious breach of secret society etiquette.

But here was the letter! Her fingers trembled as she opened it. It was decorated lavishly with skulls and crossbones, splashed with red ink, supposedly blood, and written in the same suggestive color.

Skull and Crossbones, great in money and in consequence, had been graciously to the prayer of the Seeker. Hear the will of the Great Spirit!

Prudence did not answer. She went to the door and called Fairy. "Finish getting supper, will you, Fairy? And when you are all ready, you and the twins go right on eating. Don't wait for father—he isn't coming home until evening. Come upstairs with me, Connie; I want to talk to you."

Connie followed her sister soberly, and the twins flushed at each other starting and questioning looks.

The three girls were at table when Prudence came into the dining room alone. She fixed a tiny-supper quietly and carried it off upstairs. Then she came back and sat down by the table. But her face bore marks of tears, and she had no appetite. The twins had fed half sickly for their food before; now each mouthful seemed to choke them. But they dared not ask a question. They were devoutly thankful when Fairy finally voiced their interest.

"What is the matter? Has Connie been in mischief?"

"It's worse than that," faltered Prudence, tears rushing to her eyes again.

"Why, Prudence! What is the world has done?"

"I may as well tell you, I suppose you'll have to know it sooner or later. Sit—went out into Avery's orchard and stole some apples this afternoon. I was back in the alley seeing if Mrs. Moon could do the washing, and I saw her from the other side. She went from tree to tree, and when she got through the fence she ran. There's no mistake about it—she confessed!"

The twins looked up in agony, but Prudence's face reassured them. Constance had told no tales. "I have told her she must spend all of her time upstairs alone for a week, taking her meals there too. She will go to school, of course, but that is all. I want her to see the awfulness of it. I told her

she must not tell you what I said."

Prudence did not feel it was a case that entailed for her interference. So she sat back and watched, while the twins told stories, read and frolicked, and Constance did their daily tasks.

A week passed, ten days, and twelve.

Then came a golden October afternoon when the twins sat in the haymow looking out upon a mellow world. Constance was in the yard, reading a fairy story. The situation was a tense one, for the twins were hungry, and time was heavy on their hands.

"The apple trees in Avery's orchard are just loaded," said Lark. "And there are lots on the ground, too. I saw them when I was out in the field this morning."

Carol gazed down into the yard where Constance was absorbed in her book. "Constance ought to read as much as she does," she argued. "It's so bad for the eyes."

"Yes, and what's more, she's getting off too easy for the last few days. The time is nearly up."

"That's so," said Lark. "Let's call her up here." This was done at once, and the unfortunate Constance stood before them respectfully as they had instructed her to stand. The twins hesitated, each secretly hoping the other would voice the order. But Lark, as usual, was obliged to be the spokesman.

"Damsel," she said, "it is the will of Skull and Crossbones that you be ye to yonder orchard—Avery's I mean—and bring hither some of the golden apples basking in the sun."

"What!" ejaculated Connie, starting out of her respect.

Connie hastened to modify her tone. "Did they say you might have them?" she inquired politely.

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#### FUNERAL OF MRS. LYON

The remains of Mrs. Theron Lyon arrived in this city over the St. Paul road on Friday evening from St. Maries, Idaho, where Mrs. Lyon had passed away the previous Tuesday from an attack of heart trouble. The body was accompanied here by Mr. Lyon, Miss Verna Lyon and Will Gardner. The funeral was held on Monday afternoon from the Congregational church, the services being conducted by Rev. C. C. Becker of the Methodist church.

Mrs. Lyon, whose maiden name was Edna M. Gardner, was born in Lansing, Iowa, on the 11th of June, 1867, and would have been 60 years of age at her death. She had been married to Mr. Lyon for 45 years.

Henry VanTassel was able to be out for the first time on Monday after two weeks illness with the grippe.

George Bell, editor of the Lady News-Budget, was among the pleasant callers at the Tribune office on Monday.

Charles Bathke, one of the reliable business callers at the Tribune office on Tuesday.

Nels Jensen of the town of Sarona favored the Tribune with a pleasant call on Monday while in the city on business.

John Joosten of the town of Rudolph was among the pleasant callers at the Tribune office on Monday while in the city on business.

Mrs. Nels Lundin Jr., has been in very poor health for several weeks, and at present is requiring the services of a trained nurse.

John V. Schmid of the town of Rudolph favored the Tribune office with a pleasant call on Saturday while in the city on business.

Mrs. A. Bornick left on Monday for Chicago to spend a few days and bear John McCormick sing, who appears in that city this week.

—See the new wash dresses for spring at \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50, sizes 36 to 52, Ready-to-Wear Pantors. I. E. Wilcox.

F. F. Mengel, highway engineer for this district and A. E. Bennett of Cranbrook went to Madison Monday to attend the annual road school.

Mrs. James McCarthy who has been confined to her home during the past two weeks with an attack of the grippe, is considerably better at this writing.

Attorney C. E. Briere and Tony Peerenboom are taking in the auto show in Chicago this week. Before returning Mr. Briere will look after some business matters in Iowa.

Ellie Clausen of Red Wing, Minnesota, is spending a week in the city visiting with friends before leaving for Utah where he will be employed for several months.

Carl Domisse of the town of Sigel was among the business callers at the Tribune office on Saturday, having dropped in to make his subscription good for another year.

The bars announcing the approaching marriage of Joe Bedette and Miss Mary Yaeger were announced for the first time at the SS. Peter and Paul Catholic church on Sunday.

If you want to buy any city or farm property call up George Forand at 755½. He will give you a square deal and he has some exceptionally good bargains listed.

Senator L. P. Willett spent Sunday and Monday in this city visiting with friends and looking after some business matters. He reports everything moving along nicely down at Madison.

The family of E. Bunge moved to Tomahawk last week to join Mr. Bunge who recently accepted a position with the Standard Mercantile Co., the large department store of that city.

Gus Kaye returned Friday from Green Bay where he had spent several days with friends and looking after some business matters. He reports things booming over in Green Bay and that part of the country.

If you have any city or farm property you wish to sell, see George Forand or call him at 755. He is delivering the goods these days.

The New Lisbon Times states that that city is going to have a big Home Coming there the coming summer. Dr. A. Telfer of this city is named as a member of the non-resident members' committee on organization.

The Wild Rose Poultry Association will hold their annual show on February 10 to 12 inclusive. They have out their premium list and any person interested should address C. C. Corning, secretary of the association.

Fred Mosher returned on Saturday noon with his crew of carpenters from Milladore where he had been for several weeks putting up a school house that he had the contract for.

Louise Arundon, Louis Schroeder, George W. Brown and J. H. Chapman left on Monday for Madison where they will put in the week attending the annual road school that is being held in that city.

Will Gardner who has been making his home in St. Maries, Idaho, for several years past, is spending a short time in the city, having come here to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Theron Lyon.

—Breakfast sets jacket and skirt separate \$1.25. Children's middy dresses \$1.00 and \$1.25. I. E. Wilcox.

C. L. Warren who is working for a lumber company at Gagen, was in the city Monday and Tuesday visiting with relatives and friends. Mr. Warren reports that logging operations are in full blast up there, but there is a scarcity of men.

The Root Construction Company has installed a Deltic-Light engine in the farm home of Alvin V. of Alton. This is the first of these engines to be installed in this vicinity, altho many of them are in use in other sections.

Mrs. Sophia Middlestead was surprised a surprise party Sunday afternoon by about twenty-five of her friends, the occasion being her birthday. The afternoon was spent at cards and games, followed by a six o'clock dinner, after which the young people made up a theatre party.

A section of the roof of the Amusement Hall caved in Sunday night and frightened the skaters to a considerable extent, altho nobody was hurt. The part that fell was near the Ragan furniture store and the trouble was caused by the accumulation of ice and snow in that place. The damage will probably amount to a couple of hundred dollars.

—Spring shirts, waist \$1.00 up. Petticoats, 98c up. We will be pleased to show them. Ready-to-Wear Pantors. I. E. Wilcox.

Arthur Mulroy has received an invitation from Channing Yockey, state president of the Elks Lodge, to come to Milwaukee Monday and sing several songs at the big Elk doings to be held in that city on that evening, when Exalted Rulers from all over the United States will be present. Messrs. W. J. Conway, ex-president Otto R. Reenius and Will Carey expect to attend the meeting.

A South Dakota law proposes to make it impossible for a surgeon to collect a fee where he has diagnosed a case wrongly and a patient has been operated upon for appendicitis and it is found to be with disease. All appendicis is to be shipped to the state department where they will be examined and returned to the patient with the necessary information. This might have a tendency to curb ambitious young surgeons who have been in the habit of operating and diagnosing the case afterward.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at the usual term of court to be held on the 13th day of February, 1917, at the court house in the city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, where the same will be heard and considered the application of Luke Lyczywak for the injunction of an addition to the property of Rudolph Lyczywak, late of the town of Rudolph in said county, deceased. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at the usual term of said court to be held on the 12th day of June, 1917, there will be heard and considered all other applications for injunctions and for examination and allowance must be presented to said court county at the court house in the city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, where there will be heard and considered the application of Luke Lyczywak for the injunction of an addition to the property of Rudolph Lyczywak, late of the town of Rudolph in said county, deceased.

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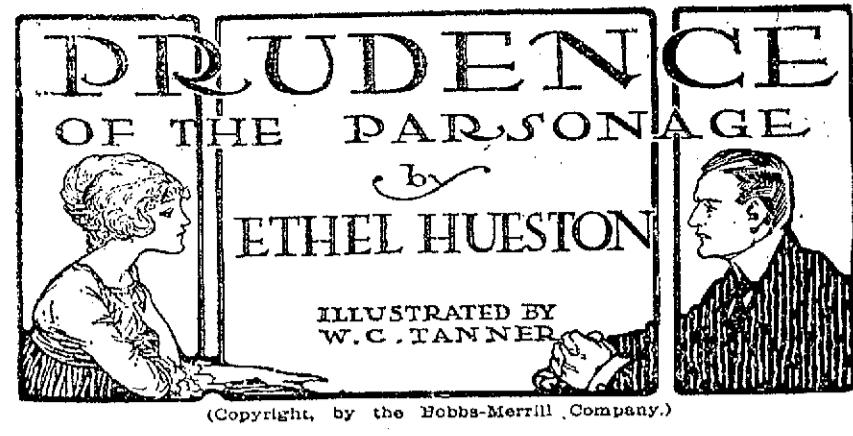
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## IT WAS A LUSCIOUS APPLE THAT GOT OLD MOTHER EVE INTO TROUBLE, AND APPLES IT IS THAT MAKE TROUBLE FOR CONNIE AND THE TWINS.

Mr. Starr, a widower Methodist minister, has been assigned to the congregation at Mount Mark, Ia. He has five daughters, Prudence, the eldest, who keeps house; Fairy, Carol and Lark, who are twins, and Constance. Their advent stirs the curiosity of all Mount Mark, and members of the Ladies' Aid lose no time in getting acquainted and asking a million questions. Prudence, who is nineteen, has her hands full with the mischievous twins and Connie, but is moved to defend them valiantly when some of the good ladies of the congregation suggest that an older woman is needed to run the family.

## CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Indeed they are not," cried Prudence loyally. "They are young, lively, mischievous, I know—and I am glad of it. But I have lived with them ever since they were born, and I ought to know them. They are unselfish, they are sympathetic, they are always generous. They do foolish and irritating things—but never things that are hateful and mean. They are all right at heart, and that is all that counts. They are not bad girls! What have they done today? They were exasperating, and humiliating, too, but what did they do that was really mean? They embarrassed and mortified me, but not intentionally! I can't punish them for the effect on me, you know! Would that be just or fair? At heart, they meant no harm."

It must be confessed that there were many serious faces among the Ladies. Some cheeks were flushed, some eyes were downcast, some lips were compressed and some were trembling. Every mother there was asking in her heart, "Did I punish my children just for the effect on me? Did I judge my children by what was in their hearts, or just by the trouble they made me?"

And the silence lasted so long that it became awkward. Finally Mrs. Prudence crossed the room and stood by Prudence's side. She laid a hand tenderly on the young girl's arm, and said in a voice that was slightly tremulous:

"I believe you are right, my dear. It is what girls are at heart that really counts. I believe your sisters are all you say they are. And one thing I am very sure of—they are happy girls to have a sister so patient and loving and just. Not all real mothers have as much to their credit!"

## CHAPTER IV.

## A Secret Society.

Carol and Lark, in keeping with their twinsip, were the dearest clowns and comrades. To them the great, rambling barn back of the parsonage was a most delightful place. It had a big cowshed on one side, and horse stalls on the other, with a "heavenly" haymow over all, and with "chutes" for the descent of hay—and twins!

Now the twins had a secret society—of which they were the founders, the officers and the membership body. Its name was Skull and Crossbones. Lark furnished the brain power for the organization, but her sister was an enthusiastic and energetic second. Captain's club name was Lady Gwendolyn, and Lark's was Sir Alfred Angelocote.

Ordinarily, although subject to frequent change, the old barn saw stirring times after the coming of the new parsonage family.

"Mark! Mark!" sounded a hissing whisper from the corner, and Connie, eavesdropping outside the barn, shivered sympathetically.

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" wailed the unfortunate lady.

"Look! Look! Run for your life!"

Then while Connie clutched the barn door in a frenzy, there was a sound of rattling corn as the twins scrambled upward, a silence, a low thud, and an unromantic "Ouch!" as Carol bumped her head and stumbled.

"Are you assaulted?" shouted the bold Sir Alfred, and Connie heard a wild scuffle as he rescued his companion from the clutches of the old halter on which she had stumbled. Up the haymow ladder they hurried, and then slid recklessly down the hay chutes, Presently the barn door was flung open, and the "society" knocked Connie flying backward, ran madly around the barn a few times, and scurried under the fence and into the chicken coop.

A little later Connie, assailed with shots of corncocks, ran bitterly toward the house. "Peeking" was strictly forbidden when the twins were engaged in Skull and Crossbones activities.

And Connie's soul burned with desire. She felt that this secret society was threatening not only her happiness, but also her health, for she could not sleep for horrid dreams of Skulls and Crossbones at night, and could not eat for envying the twins their secret and mysterious joys. Finally she applied to Prudence, and received assistance.

The afternoon mail brought to the parsonage an envelope addressed to "Misses Carol and Lark Starr, the Methodist Parsonage, Mount Mark, Ia." and in the lower left-hand corner was a suggestive drawing of a skull and crossbones. The eyes of the mischievous twins twinkled with delight when they saw it, and they carried it to the barn for prompt perusal. We read it as follows:

"Miss Constance Starr humbly and respectfully craves admittance into the Ancient and Honorable Organization of Skull and Crossbones."

The twins pondered long on a fitting reply, and the next afternoon the postman brought a letter for Connie, waiting impatiently for it. She had approached the twins about it at noon that day.

"Did you get my application?" she had whispered nervously.

But the twins had snatched her out of countenance, and Connie realized that she had committed a serious breach of secret society etiquette.

But here was the letter! Her fingers trembled as she opened it. It was decorated lavishly with skulls and crossbones, splashed with red ink, supposedly blood, and written in the same suggestive color.

Skull and Crossbones, great in mercy and in condescension, has listed graciously to the prayer of Constance, the Seeker. Hear the will of the Great Spirit!"

Connie was nearly ready when Connie sauntered in from the barn. After leaving the haymow, she had found a cozy corner in the corner, with two heavy lap robes discarded by the twins in their flight from wolves, and had settled down there to finish her story.

As she stepped into the kitchen Prudence turned to her with such a sorry, reproachful gaze that Connie was frightened.

"Are you sick, Prue?" she gasped.

Connie did not answer. She was at the door and called Fairy. "Finish getting supper, will you, Fairy? And when you are all ready, you and the twins go right on eating. Don't wait for father—he isn't coming home until evening. Come upstairs with me, Connie; I want to talk to you."

Connie followed her sister soberly, and the twins flashed at each other, starting and questioning looks.

The three girls were at table when Prudence came into the dining room alone. She fixed a tray-supper quietly and carried it off upstairs. Then she came back and sat down by the table. But her face bore marks of tears, and she had no appetite. The twins had felt small liking for their food before; now each mouthful seemed to choke them. But they dared not ask a question. They were devoutly thankful when Fairy finally voiced their interest.

"What is the matter? Has Connie been in mischief?"

"It's worse than that," faltered Prudence, tears rushing to her eyes again.

"Why, Prudence! What in the world has she done?"

"I'm as well tell you, I suppose—you have to know it sooner or later. She—went out into Avery's orchard and stole some apples this afternoon. I was back in the alley seeing it. Mrs. Moon could do the washing, and I saw her from the other side. She went from tree to tree, and when she got through the fence she ran. There's no mistake about it—she confessed!"

The twins looked up in agony, but Prudence's face reassured them. Constance had told no tales. "I have told her she must spend all of her time upstairs alone for a week, taking her meals there, too. She will go to school to see the awfulness of it. I told her

"I Got What I Could and Ran."

I didn't think we wanted to eat with a thief—just yet! I said we must get used to the idea of it first. She is heartbroken, but—I must make her see it!"

"Damsel, she said, "It is the will of Skull and Crossbones, she shall be admitted into the Ancient and Honorable Order."

The week that followed was a galla

for the twins of Skull and Crossbones. Constance swept their room, made their bed, washed their dishes, did their chores, and in every way behaved as a model pledge of the ancient and honorable. The twins were gracious but firm. There was no arguing and no faltering. "It is the will of Skull and Crossbones that the damsel do this," they would say. And the damsel did it.

Prudence did not feel it was a case that called for her interference. So she sat back and watched, while the twins told stories, read and frolicked, and Constance did their daily tasks.

A week passed, ten days, and twelve. Then came a golden October afternoon when the twins sat in the haymow looking out upon a mellow world. Constance was in the yard, reading a fairy story. The situation was a tense one, for the twins were hungry, and time was heavy on their hands.

"The apple trees in Avery's orchard are just loaded," said Lark. "And there are lots on the ground, too. I saw them when I was out in the field this morning."

Carol gazed down into the yard where Constance was absorbed in her book. "Constance oughtn't to read as much as she does," she argued. "It's so bad for the eyes."

"Yes, and what's more, she's been getting off too easy for the last few days. The time is nearly up."

"That's so," said Lark. "Let's call her up here!" This was done at once, and the unfortunate Constance stood before them respectfully, as they had instructed her to stand. The twins hesitated, each secretly hoping the other would voice the order. But Lark, as usual, was obliged to be the spokesman.

"Damsel, she said, "It is the will of Skull and Crossbones, she shall be admitted into the Ancient and Honorable Order."

The twins told stories, read and frolicked, and Constance did their daily tasks.

"What's that?" ejaculated Connie, startled out of her reverie.

Carol frowned. "Connie, hastened to modify her tone. "Did they say you might have them?" she inquired politely.

"That concerns thee not; 'tis for the only to render obedience to the orders of the Society. Go out through our field and sneak under the fence where the wires are loose, and hurry back. We're awfully hungry. The trees are bare the fence. There isn't any danger."

"But it's stealing," objected Connie.

"What will Prudence—" "Damsel!" And Connie turned to obey with despair in her heart.

"Bring twelve," Carol called after her, "there'll be four apples. And hurry, Connie. And see they don't catch you while you're about it."

After she had gone the twins lay back thoughtfully on the hay and stared at the cobwebby roof above them in silence for a while. Something was hurting them, but whether it was their fear of the wrath of Prudence, or the twinges of tender consciences—she can't say."

After she had gone the twins lay back thoughtfully on the hay and stared at the cobwebby roof above them in silence for a while. Something was hurting them, but whether it was their fear of the wrath of Prudence, or the twinges of tender consciences—she can't say."

"She's an unearthly long time about it," exclaimed Lark at last. "Do you suppose they caught her?"

This was an awful thought, and the girls were temporarily soothed. But they heard the barn door swinging beneath them, and sighed with relief. It was Connie! She climbed the ladder skillfully, and poured her golden tresses before the arch-thieves, Skull and Crossbones.

There were eight big, tempting apples.

"Eh! Eight!" said Carol sternly. "I said twelve."

"Yes, but I was afraid someone was coming. I heard such a noise through the grapevines, so I got what I could and ran for it. There's three apples for you, and two for me," said Connie, sitting down sociably beside them on the hay.

"But Carol rose. "Damsel, begone," she ordered. "When Skull and Crossbones feast, thou canst not yet share that festive board. Rise thee, and speed!"

Connie rose, and walked soberly toward the ladder. But before she disappeared she fired this parting shot:

"I don't want any of them. Stolen apples don't taste very good, I reckon."

Carol and Lark had the grace to flush a little at this, but however the stolen apples tasted, the twins had no difficulty in disposing of them. Then, full almost beyond the point of comfort, they slid down the hay chutes, went out the back way, turned the corner, and came quietly in through the front door of the parsonage.

Prudence was in the kitchen preparing the evening meal. Fairy was in the sitting room, busy with her books. The twins set the table conscientiously, laid the woodbox, and in every way labored irreproachably. But Prudence had no word of praise for them that evening. She hardly seemed to know they were about the place. She went about her work with a pale face, and never a smile to be seen.

Supper was nearly ready when Connie sauntered in from the barn. After leaving the haymow, she had found a cozy corner in the corner, with two heavy lap robes discarded by the twins in their flight from wolves, and had settled down there to finish her story.

As she stepped into the kitchen Prudence turned to her with such a sorry, reproachful gaze that Connie was frightened.

"Give up my nice pleasant offices and stay home?" rejoined Mr. Growth.

"Are you sick, Prue?" she gasped.

Connie did not answer. She was at the door and called Fairy. "Finish getting supper, will you, Fairy? And when you are all ready, you and the twins go right on eating. Don't wait for father—he isn't coming home until evening. Come upstairs with me, Connie; I want to talk to you."

Connie followed her sister soberly, and the twins flashed at each other, starting and questioning looks.

The three girls were at table when Prudence came into the dining room alone. She fixed a tray-supper quietly and carried it off upstairs. Then she came back and sat down by the table. But her face bore marks of tears, and she had no appetite. The twins had felt small liking for their food before; now each mouthful seemed to choke them. But they dared not ask a question. They were devoutly thankful when Fairy finally voiced their interest.

"What is the matter? Has Connie been in mischief?"

"It's worse than that," faltered Prudence, tears rushing to her eyes again.

"Why, Prudence! What in the world has she done?"

"I'm as well tell you, I suppose—you have to know it sooner or later. She—went out into Avery's orchard and stole some apples this afternoon. I was back in the alley seeing it. Mrs. Moon could do the washing, and I saw her from the other side. She went from tree to tree, and when she got through the fence she ran. There's no mistake about it—she confessed!"

The twins looked up in agony, but Prudence's face reassured them. Constance had told no tales. "I have told her she must spend all of her time upstairs alone for a week, taking her meals there, too. She will go to school to see the awfulness of it. I told her

"I Got What I Could and Ran."

I didn't think we wanted to eat with a thief—just yet! I said we must get used to the idea of it first. She is heartbroken, but—I must make her see it!"

"Damsel, she said, "It is the will of Skull and Crossbones, she shall be admitted into the Ancient and Honorable Order."

The week that followed was a galla

for the twins of Skull and Crossbones. Constance swept their room, made their bed, washed their dishes, did their chores, and in every way behaved as a model pledge of the ancient and honorable. The twins were gracious but firm. There was no arguing and no faltering. "It is the will of Skull and Crossbones that the damsel do this," they would say. And the damsel did it.

Prudence did not feel it was a case that called for her intercession. So she sat back and watched, while the twins told stories, read and frolicked, and Constance did their daily tasks.

A week passed, ten days, and twelve. Then came a golden October afternoon when the twins sat in the haymow looking out upon a mellow world. Constance was in the yard, reading a fairy story. The situation was a tense one, for the twins were hungry, and time was heavy on their hands.

"The apple trees in Avery's orchard are just loaded," said Lark. "And there are lots on the ground, too. I saw them when I was out in the field this morning."

Carol gazed down into the yard where Constance was absorbed in her book. "Constance oughtn't to read as much as she does," she argued. "It's so bad for the eyes."

"Yes, and what's more, she's been getting off too easy for the last few days. The time is nearly up."

"That's so," said Lark. "Let's call her up here!" This was done at once, and the unfortunate Constance stood before them respectfully, as they had instructed her to stand. The twins hesitated, each secretly hoping the other would voice the order. But Lark, as usual, was obliged to be the spokesman.

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## The Tracer of Egos

Chronicles of Dr. Phileas Immanuel, Soul Specialist

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

## THE AMULET OF MARDUK

REMEMBER vividly the conversation in Doctor Immanuel's library, because that evening was the beginning of my association with him, and the conversation was, so to say, the starting point of my own invigoration.

There were five of us there, Dr. Phileas Immanuel, Doctor Maine, Paul Tarrant, the millionaire whose priceless art collections passed to the nation recently under the terms of his will, and another man whose name I have forgotten. We had been discussing the case of Helen Blythe, Mr. Tarrant's governess, who had been dismissed for stealing, after the court had passed a suspended sentence upon her by grace of a defense of kleptomania.

"You say," said Doctor Maine, the eminent neurologist, "that you believe in reincarnation upon the analogy of the plant the lilac plant, you used for an example. The lilac, as I understand you to say, flowers during some two weeks in the year and, having faded, reviews its earthly experiences in some paradise of dreamy somnolence until, in due season, the soul of the flower incarnates itself in another cluster of petals. So, you say, man comes to birth again after he has passed through the gates of death. That's not a bad simile, Immanuel, but that's not biology. How do you justify your belief biologically—or, let us say, by any laws of inductive reasoning?"

"You are, of course, acquainted with the researches of Freud?" asked the Greek doctor of Maine.

"Well, I should say so," the other responded. "A big man—one of the biggest in the line of today."

"How would you sum up his discoveries?" asked Doctor Immanuel.

Doctor Maine did not hesitate for an instant. "Freud's great work," he said, "has been the proof that our subconscious or dream life is continuous, that every dream accurately corresponds to some ungratified physical or mental need and is, one may say, its fulfillment. For instance, take the man who has always wanted but never owned, a motor car. His dreams will show a more or less continuous experience—not of motorizing, for they will be veiled under some symbol, but of flying, or aeroplaneing, or holding the throttle of an engine. He may even be a fly on a wheel, or a swimmer, clinging to an upturned boat in a whirlpool; but in some manner the dream life will reflect the waking wish."

"Precisely," answered Doctor Immanuel. "Well, now, let us carry the simile further. The condition after death represents to the full this dream life, magnified to the nth power. There, in that paradise of bliss, every ungratified wish that was ever experienced in life comes true—generally. But suppose that the impulse to re-birth cuts short the experiences of heaven prematurely. What then? He paused and, looking round at us, raised his hand impressively. 'Then, gentlemen, you have a soul reborn on earth which, instead of holding these past memories securely tucked away in the innermost recesses of its being, flowing as gifts of character and natural ability, is built upon shifting sands. The submerged consciousness of those unsatisfied needs of its past life haunts it and drives it to unlawful deeds. All our criminals, for example, are merely persons who failed to fulfill their destinies; and, in proof of my contention, are not all criminals—criminals by instinct, of course I mean not the starving beggar who snatches a loaf—they are not all physically unstable, mentally unbalanced, and easy subjects for the hypnotist? Yes, my dear Maine, and I believe that when hypnotized they can be made to yield up these past memories."

The subject was changed soon afterward by Doctor Maine. "Like many medics of the old school, he held opinions rooted in the barren sands of materialism. Such theories as Immanuel's savored to him of the charlatan. But for the eminence of the Greek physician he would, I am sure, have broken forth in angry protest. He took his leave soon after, and Tarrant and the fifth man also departed, leaving Paul Tarrant, the doctor and myself alone.

"Now take the case of Helen Blythe," said Mr. Tarrant, when we had settled ourselves in our chairs again. "Do you suppose that you could prove your contention in her case?"

"I didn't read the account," answered Doctor Immanuel. "All reports of crime distress me exceedingly. When I think how futile it is to put these unhappy creatures in prison, instead of treating them medically, I become enraged at the world and disgusted with my own inability to convince physicians of their mistake. But tell me about her."

"Helen Blythe," said Mr. Tarrant, "is a well-built, good-looking, modest young woman of, I should say, seven or eight and twenty. She came to me with excellent recommendations, to be a nursery governess for our children. Mrs. Tarrant took a great fancy to her and trusted her fully. Needless to say, neither of us was aware that Miss Blythe had been dismissed from a former situation for theft. As we discovered afterwards, she had stolen four valuable rings, which, in spite of the threat of prosecution, were never recovered. The girl claimed that she had forgotten where she had hidden them, but fully acknowledged her offense and repaid the value of them out of her savings. In spite of careful investigation of all the pawnshops in the city, however, the rings were never found."

## CARTOONIST'S RISE TO FAME

Louis Raemakers Probably the Best Known of Artists Who Teach With the Pen.

Hidden away in an obscure studio in a London suburb, with a price upon his head (offered by Germany) Louis Raemakers has made the whole world shudder with his cartoons of the great war.

A year and a half ago he was a unknown Dutch landscape artist. To

to America, where he had been educated, by the Greek government, as their most distinguished medical representative and publicist, to attend the International Congress of Penologists at Boston. But the first few days' sittings had so disheartened the doctor, convincing him that his own theories would never gain him a hearing, and he would, in fact, seriously prejudice, his country, that he had withdrawn from the congress and was making my home his headquarters during the period occupied by some special researches about whose nature he had not enlightened me.

On the following morning we received two letters from Mr. Tarrant, in which he apologized for his inability to ask us to dinner on account of the death of a near relative of Mrs. Tarrant, and reiterated his desire that we visit him that evening. Accordingly, about eight o'clock we found ourselves in his library and received a cordial greeting.

"Before we see Miss Blythe," said Mr. Tarrant, "perhaps you gentlemen would care to inspect my antiquities?" We knew that such an invitation could not be refused without the possibility of seriously affronting the millionaire; furthermore we were both interested in what happened. The governor was a great student of antiquities; in fact, she had a knowledge of Hittite and Babylonian archaeology which astonished me and was primarily factor in the securing of her position. She had a half day's leave every week, and invariably spent it at the museum. She became a well-known figure there, for she always haunted the Assyrian room, in which, as you may know, are a number of engraved stones, of immeasurable value, brought from Babylon by the expedition which sent there for the purpose of excavating the mounds of Nineveh. Some ten days ago the watchman, who had somehow become suspicious of the young woman discovered her with the half of a sacred amulet in her hand—a ring supposed to have been worn by the high priest of Marduk. As you may know, that half amulet is one of the most cherished possessions of the Assyrian department. The watchman arrested her and summoned the curator. When he came it was discovered that the half amulet still reposed in its case inside the case. The half which Helen Blythe held in her hand was mine—the other half, and willed by me to the museum. The young woman made no resistance, but suffered herself to be led away, as if in a comatose state. She was brought to my house. I identified the half of the charm, and the girl was placed under arrest, to be released under a suspended sentence yesterday."

"Where is the girl?" asked Doctor Immanuel. "Why, doctor," said Mr. Tarrant, flushing, "I am ashamed to say that I have taken her back." "Good!" ejaculated the doctor, puffing vigorously at his cigar. "But she will steal again." "Indeed, no," answered the millionaire with conviction. "We had a very serious talk with her, Mrs. Tarrant and I. We told her that we felt, under the circumstances, which we had not fully understood, that we ought not to turn her adrift into the world. We thought that by the force of example, perhaps, we might cure her of her unfortunate propensity. And so she was re-engaged—not, of course, as governess, but as a sort of aid to my wife." "And she was penitent?" "Entirely so. She protested that she would conquer her weakness; she vowed never to touch jewelry again, or to look at it. She pleaded earnestly for our confidence, said it was only rings which she felt an irresistible temptation to take, and—

"And she will steal again," said Doctor Immanuel. "Well, doctor, you have a poor faith in human nature, considering your humanitarian profession," said the millionaire. "I tell you, Mr. Tarrant, she will steal again," persisted the doctor. "You cannot eradicate the instincts derived from a former incarnation with kindness only. Doubtless she was a wealthy gem collector in Rome or Athens—or Alexandria, more likely—about the year 100 A. D."

Paul Tarrant smiled skeptically. "Will you tell me how you arrive at your date so exactly, doctor?" he asked. "By the analogy of the lilac tree," replied Doctor Immanuel. "The lilac blooms for two weeks in every fifty-two—is that not so? Then we may say its sleeping life is twenty-six times as long as its life in physical form. Now, if we take the normal human life to be seventy years, each human item will reappear after an interval of about 1,820 years—shorter or longer according to the individual idiosyncrasy, but more or less upon time. Hannibal, for example, whose disgruntled life must have been peculiarly rich in memories, and therefore prolonged, was born as Napoleon after a little more than 2,000 years. Cleopatra reappeared as Gladstone after some 1,850 years; the fabulous Queen Semiramis after 2,000 years as Cleopatra, and after some 1,750 more as Catherine II. of Russia. These mighty figures appear and reappear through history with the regularity of comets, and, like them, are recurrent phenomena which flash through a wondering world. Well, then, some 1,820 years ago your Helen Blythe was a gem collector or lapidary, or something like that in the classic world, and it is the ungratified desire for jewels which has made for a kleptomaniac today."

"Perhaps you would like to see her, doctor?" the millionaire suggested tolerantly. "I confess I am not convinced as to the truth of your theories, but I should immeasurably like to know just how the ancient Romans set their rings."

Doctor Immanuel accepted this scrupulously, and before we parted it was arranged that we two should visit Mr. Tarrant at his house after dinner on the following evening. So we separated, upon terms of the utmost good will, and both Mr. Tarrant and myself accepted, upon terms of the utmost good will, the frail woman seemed to have the strength of an athlete, for Mr. Tarrant, powerful man though he was, could not open her hands. All the while she stood and stared at him, and

she is acclaimed the greatest master of pen and pencil of the age; he has been feted by royalty, sought by German spies and charged with, and won a wife a Protestant, and the differences which in later life severed both from their early teaching caused them to meet on common ground.

Little Russia, or Ukraine. Little Russia or Ukraine, is the region of the middle Dnieper valley, from the marshes of Pinsk to the catars of the Donets, below Katerinograd. It was conquered in the fourteenth century by Lithuania

and was long disputed between this power, Russia and Turkey. Between 1654 and 1658 all the Ukraine east of the Dnieper, and in 1703 the portion west of the river, passed under the rule of the czars. The population is chiefly Little Russian, with a considerable number of Moldavians. The Little Russians are of the Slavonian stock, but many years ago underwent a mixture with Turkish tribes.

The Russian language belongs to the eastern branch of that Slavonian family. There are many dialects, but the predominant literary language is that of Moscow.

Hold Record for Breeding Stock. The people of Argentina annually raise for export \$40 worth of food-stuffs per capita. The highest prices ever paid for breeding stock have been paid by the Argentines, with the result that they have the finest draft horses, the best of beef cattle and the highest type of sheep. Argentina is becoming one of the world's great granaries.

according to our revised estimate, was made in the thirty-fifth century before Christ.

Doctor Immanuel began to estimate. "Our period takes us back to the year 100, then, would have been about 1750 B. C., and we have the year 3570. Yes, there you are, Tarrant. And if you can discover the precise age of the amulet you will be able to estimate the exact age of your government."

"It must have been a mighty strong influence to last over three incarnations, doctor," said the millionaire, reverently. "Where do you suppose she spent the last two—and how?"

"Explaining her crime," Doctor Immanuel answered. "Doubtless as a thief and outcast—ah, don't let us pursue that matter, Tarrant. She's won through all of that poor girl. You're going to keep and help her, Tarrant, aren't you?"

And Tarrant promised.

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

## PAYING HOTEL HAT GIRL

While Resenting the Imposition the Innocent Victim Usually Yields Up a Tip.

A plain citizen frequently eats his noonday luncheon off his arm of a chair with his hat on his head or on a nearby rack within convenient watching distance. But occasionally there are times when someone of uninvited prosperity takes him to another type of eating place where hats must be surrendered into the arms of a waiting damsel who gives a check to return. You may prefer to carry your hat with you, but she gently interposes, and you meekly hand over your headgear, even though you know you will have to pay a minimum of ten cents to her to get back a hat for which you have already paid and which you are perfectly able to care for yourself. It seems a rather absurd business, remarks a writer in the Indianapolis News. You don't mind helping to pay the waiter's salary by leaving a bit of change on the table; he renders an obvious and necessary service, but paying the girl to hold your hat is another matter. Not that she ever asks you for money in return for your hat. She merely holds it to you and smiles, while your hand slips mechanically into your pockets and the change into hers.

You may vow not to do it again. The money isn't much, but you resent being imposed on, and you may secretly think that the system is one that obtains money under false pretenses, but you never fail to hand over to the girl the tip. Calmer reason assures you that the girl makes her living that way and that she probably turns over the money you give her to a "corporation" that pays a stiff premium for the concession of taking care of the restaurant patron's hats while he eats. Yet the different gradations in the quality of the smile and the "thank you" you get when you give her a dime or a quarter indicate that she has a more personal interest in the largess. You wonder what would happen if somebody were bold enough to give her nothing at all in return for holding his hat. But the possibilities in your own case are too dreadful to contemplate any such action.

## DISEASE CURED BY MACHINE

Apparatus for the Treatment of Cardi- osclerosis is Invented by Eminent Surgeon.

An eminent surgeon, connected with a world-renowned clinic, has developed an apparatus for treating persons afflicted with cardiopatia, which effects a cure so suddenly that to the layman it appears little short of miraculous. Cardiopatia is a disease in which a contraction occurs at the point where the esophagus joins the stomach, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Normally when food enters the lower portion of the esophagus a muscular ring, previously closed, relaxes and allows the food to enter the stomach. In this disease it does not open up normally, and the food is retained above the ring. In some cases a huge pouch is formed by the accumulation of food, while the patient slowly starves to death.

The device which treats the disease so successfully is an expanding dilator, which, after being inserted to the contracted point, is distended with water to a point where it paralyzes the muscle. A single treatment, in rare instances, a few treatments, completely relieves the condition. No pain accompanies the use of the dilator and no anesthetic is given.

## Not Hurt by Use.

During his vacation a San Francisco lawyer met an old friend in the village, and their conversation drifted to a discussion of the natives. A young farmer came under his view. "He's a fine-looking young fellow," said the lawyer, "X-eyes," asserted his friend dubiously. "Well, anyway, he has a mighty good head. It ought to be good," was the reply. "That man's head is brandy, and I never used it any."

## Noticed Slight Difference.

"Do you know, George," remarked Mrs. Ruy, "I should say the Browns' marriage was an ideal one. I couldn't help but notice it tonight, though there wasn't one word of disagreement, I believe they both think absolutely alike." They are a charming couple, dear, perfectly charming," said her husband, "but as to their thinking alike, Madge, did you notice that she always thought first?"

## A Real Genius.

"Is Professor Diggs a learned man?" "He seems to have all the earmarks of a savant."

"Yes."

"He has located the sites of several buried cities in ancient Assyria, but invariably gets lost when he goes down town to pay his water bill."

## Roundabout Conclusion.

"It's an extended corridor that has no ultimate termination," mused the absent-minded professor, as he patiently plodded around the revolving door.

## Husbands and Husbands.

An exchange tries to draw a distinction between a good husband and a "real man." The good husband is always a real man, but the "model husband"—it such a being exists—is too submitted for this year.

## What It Looked Like.

Johnny went down to his aunt's house for dinner. He had a little brother about two days old. She was asking him what it looked like and he said: "It looks like a wrinkle in the cover when it is not crying."

## SHE STOLE FOR THE FUN OF IT

Chicago Woman Is Half Housewife, Half Burglar for Many Years.

## THE BASIS OF CANADA'S RICHES

A Theme Discussed by the Wall Street Journal.

In speaking of Canada a short time ago the Wall Street Journal made the statement that "The basis of Canada's riches is the fertility of the soil, and no freak of warfare can injure that while her grain will increase to demand as the population of the world grows. As an investment field Canada is worthy of consideration." These words are well worthy of attention, especially coming from such a source as this eminent financial journal. With a land area exceeding that of the United States and with tillable acres coming under cultivation, the wealth of Canada's future can scarcely be estimated, while the wealth today is such as to bring her most prominently before the world.

During the past year thousands of farmers in Western Canada sold their crops for more than the total cost of their land. Lands at from \$15 to \$30 an acre produced crops worth \$40 to \$75 an acre. Stock raising and dairying were equally profitable.

The year 1915 saw most wonderful crops and magnificent yields over the entire country, and many farmers wiped out indebtedness that had hung over them long before they came to the country, and the year 1916 put in a condition of absolute independence. A report to hand verified by a high official might seem marvelous, were the particulars not well known, and where are not other cases that would seem almost as phenomenal. This is a southern Alberta story: A farmer wished to rent an adjoining farm on which a loan company held a mortgage. The applicant said he wanted the first ten bushels of wheat, after which he would divide the loan company one-third. After threshing he paid into the bank at Calgary \$16 per acre for every acre cultivated, to the credit of the loan company, as their share or their third of the crop. Sixteen dollars per acre rent. His two-thirds was \$32 and in addition the first ten bushels of wheat. Land on this same security can be purchased for from \$16 to \$30 per acre. Wonderful yields are reported from all parts of this district. Recently 4,640 acres of a ranch were sold to an Illinois farmer; 300 acres of wheat in 1916 produced a yield that averaged 42½ bushels of wheat per acre. George Richard, formerly of Providence, R. I., on a southern Alberta farm got 2,652 bushels of wheat from a 50-acre field, and over 40 bushels per acre, and from a 50-acre field of oats got a return of 76 bushels per acre and still had some sheaves left over for feeding.

A report just issued by the Alberta government gives the yield of wheat in the showing of 1916 as 23 bushels per acre; 45 bushels of oats and 30 bushels of barley.

Travelers through Alberta's wheat belt have had revealed to them scenes of agricultural productivity unapproached in any other part of the world.

Alberta farms, selected with even moderate discretion, have raised men to independence and affluence with records of wonderful development unsurpassed amongst the phenomenal industrial success of which Canada well may boast.

Many almost incredible yields have been reported by reliable authorities, wheat exceeding 70 bushels per acre and oats 145 bushels.

Numerous records show that the cost of farms has been more than repaid by this year's crop. In one instance, land purchased for \$3,200 produced wheat which was sold for a little over \$10,000.

During the year 1917 there will be an immense amount of labor required to take care of the crop in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. One of the problems which Western Canada has to face every year is the securing of an adequate supply of labor to handle the harvesting and threshing of its big crops. This problem, indeed, is always present in any country that has a big agricultural production; in the case of Western Canada it is enhanced by the comparative sparsity of population and the long distance from industrial districts, which can be expected to offer a surplus of labor.

In Western Canada the present difficulties are increased by the war. A very large number of Western Canada's small population have enlisted for service with the Canadian forces in Europe, and at the present time there is generally speaking no surplus of labor for the ordinary channels of industry, to say nothing of the abnormal demands of harvest time. The situation, however, has to some extent been met by the action of the Canadian militia department, who have released all such men who are still in training to the western military camps and who desire to engage in harvest work for a period of generally one month.

The actual number of men engaged in 1916 in harvest work was between forty and fifty thousand. Wages were higher than usual, running from \$2.50 to \$4.00 a day with board, and from \$35 to \$60 a month. Advertisement.

## Acquiescence.

"I'd like to see you try to kiss me." "Well, you know, I always try to do anything you

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The new empress of Austria is of  
Italian birth.

**ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.**

A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a box of Liner's Compound, and a few drops of oil of lavender. Mix well and apply. Any druggist will mix this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in a book. It will turn gray hair gradually darker streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Cleveland hotels are experimenting with girl "bebeys."

**"CASCARETS" ACT  
ON LIVER, BOWELS**

No sick headache, biliousness,  
bad taste or constipation  
by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.  
Are you keeping your bowels, liver,  
and stomach clean, pure and fresh  
with Cascarets, or merely forcing a  
passageway every few days with  
Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or  
Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let  
Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food, and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never grips, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Miss Mabel Blackburn has invented an overshoe for horses' feet which prevents slipping on wet streets.

**Good Health Makes  
a Happy Home**

Good health makes housework easy. Bad health takes all happiness out of it. Horses of women drag along like mules, back aching, worried, "blue" tired, because they don't know what ails them.

Then same troubles come with weak kidneys, and, if the kidney action is disturbed, the kidneys need help.

Get a box of "Dean's Kidney Pills." They have helped thousands of discouraged women.

**A Wisconsin Case**

Mrs. Campbell, 221 French St., Peshtigo, Wis., says her husband and she have pains in the kidneys, and the doctor says, "My kidneys are weak and headaches bother me." After she had used Doan's Kidney Pills a short time, her kidneys were strengthened and I gained weight. I haven't needed "kidney" medicine since.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box.

**DOAN'S KIDNEY  
PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Don't accept any substitute.

Used by Mothers for  
50 years. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

APPENDICITIS  
If you have appendicitis or have gallbladder trouble, use Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, for 35 years.

Buy up Colds, Relieve

Feverishness, Worms

Constipation, Headache, Teething disorders and Stomach Troubles.

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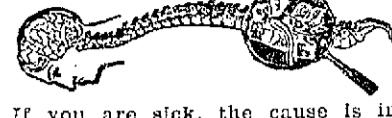
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Grand Rapids, Wisconsin  
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Phones: Office 997; Residence 828  
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Room 7, MacKinnon Block  
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If you are sick, the cause is in your spine. Take CHIROPRACTIC "SPINAL ADJUSTMENTS" and get well.

Consultation Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.

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Law, Loans and Collections. We have \$2,000 which will be loaned at a low rate of interest. Office over First National Bank, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

W. Melvin Ruckle, M. D.  
Practitioner Limited to EYES, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

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Licensed Embalmer and Undertaker House phone No. 69, Store 312, Spafford's building, East Side, John Erner, residence phone No. 435.

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Licensed Embalmer and Funeral Director  
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Entrance west of Bank of Grand Rapids. Office hours: 9 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 3

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We are prepared to do your WELL DRILLING at reasonable prices. We have two modern machines and will operate year 'round.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

CARL KRONHOLM  
Phone 3E3 Rudolph  
Address Grand Rapids, Wis., R. 4

## GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE

Thursday, February 1, 1917

Published by  
W. A. DRUM & A. B. SUTOR

Entered at the postoffice at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second class mail matter.

Subscription Price—Per year, \$1.50; 6 months, 75c; 3 months, 40c; if paid in advance.

Published every Thursday at Grand Rapids, Wood County, Wisconsin. Telephone Number 324

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Obituary Poetry, per line ..... 5c  
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Display Ad Rates 15c per inch.

Keep your eye peeled tomorrow, for that is groundhog day, and if the sun is shining we will have six weeks more winter, but if it is not, get out your light underwear, put on the fur coat and wear a cap for spring, for winter will be over. At least that is what they say, altho it might be well not to change underwear for a few days and to have the fur coat where you can get at it handy.

The lawmakers down at Madison have evolved the idea of abolishing the personal property tax on automobiles and having a license fee imposed that will be graded in proportion to the horsepower of the car. This has been recommended by the tax commission, but the plan is not being received with any enthusiasm by the people at home, as many cities will be put out of a large sum of the personal property tax by this method. Just why the owner of an automobile should be taxed on every possible occasion while the owner of any other vehicle pays only the tax commission, but the plan is more than can be understood by most people, but the automobile seems to stand alone and to date there has been very little kick. The auto owner does not care so much about paying a special tax if the money is only used on the roads, where it should be, as he realizes that the roads need the money, but most of them do object to it being used to defray the expenses of the fellow who draws fat salaries down at Madison.

It is of course every man's duty to devote the major part of his time to his own private business or occupation. At the same time we may have opportunity that the individual may also devote a good part of his time to the improvement and upbuilding of his community without missing a great deal. Public enterprises tend to bind every citizen who takes part in them. The fellow who puts in all his time at his own private affairs soon becomes so selfish and centered that he loses interest and friendship of the disengaged citizen and very often is a financial loser about public affairs, he is very apt to be selfish in his business affairs and few people care to have much business with a selfish man. It is a man's enterprise to be enterprising in his business; if he is a "back number" in public affairs, he is also pretty sure to be a "back number" in his own business. For your own good, then, get into the game and work to improve your community in which you live by any means within your power. But, as you know, better churches, sane amusement, are all of advantage to any community, and none of them can be brought about without the co-operation of a majority of citizens.—Bloomington Record.

FOREST NOTES

It is estimated that in 1915 about 40,000 forest fires occurred in the United States, which burned over 5,000,000 acres and caused a damage of approximately \$7,000,000.

Revised estimates place the amount of standing merchantable timber in the United States at approximately 2,767,000,000,000 board feet. Of this amount 53% of the total is in California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana.

During the past fiscal year there were constructed on the National Forests 227 miles of new road, 1,975 miles of trails, 2,124 miles of bus lines, 93 miles of telephone lines, 222 local structures, 40 bridges, 22 miles of fence, 545 dwellings, barns and other structures, 17 corrals and 202 water improvements.

The fellow who is always kicking his wife never listens to a word she says doesn't know that he talks in his sleep.

Does Thrift Day Pay? It does.

Waste and extravagance will get you nowhere. Thrift and a Savings Account will take you anywhere you care to go.

No matter who you are, what you do or where you live, you cannot succeed unless you save regularly.

Start an account, or add to the one you have, on Saturday.

First National Bank

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

We have many calls for VICTORIA FLOUR. The reason of its popularity is that it is made from the best in the best wheat and is a sure thing for the woman who wants good bread and cake.

Grand Rapids Milling Co.

Hemo Is More Than Malted Milk

Just the right nourishment for the nervous and anaemic. It is nutritious, readily assimilated. That is why it strengthens and invigorates. HEMO can be readily digested when other foods distress. That's why it gives 100% nourishment. What's it doing in giving strength health and invigorating?

Makes delicious food drink by simply adding water.

We suggest that you try a 50c package with our guarantee of satisfaction.

OTTO'S PHARMACY

Grand Rapids, Wis.

## EVERY ITEM NEWS FOR SOMEBODY

Community Events of the Past Week from Various Parts of the County

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W. A. DRUM & A. B. SUTOR

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## FUNERAL OF MRS. LYON

The remains of Mrs. Theron Lyon arrived in this city over the Paul road on Friday evening from St. Maries, Idaho, where Mrs. Lyon had passed away the previous Tuesday from an attack of heart trouble. Her body was accompanied here by Mr. Lyon, Miss Verna Lyon and Will Gardner. The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon from the Congregational church, the services being conducted by Rev. C. E. Becker of the Methodist church.

Mrs. Lyon, whose maiden name was Ida M. Gardner, was born in Lansing, Iowa, on the 11th of June, 1857, and would have been 60 years of age at her next birthday. She came to Grand Rapids with her family when a girl. She was married to Mr. Lyon in this city in 1885 and made her home here until she and Mr. Lyon moved away about six years ago, living for a short time at Spokane, Washington, and later moving to St. Maries, Idaho.

Mrs. Lyon was a woman who was liked by all who knew her, and had many friends in this city who had known her for many years and who had expected to greet her again in life, and who were greatly shocked and pained when they learned of her sudden and untimely death. A large number of the old-time friends attended the last sad rites Monday and did what they could to show their regard and love for their departed friend.

The following is taken from the St. Maries Record:

Mrs. Lyon's many friends in this city of St. Maries were grieved and shocked to learn of her sudden death, which occurred at or just before the morning from heart failure. Her death was entirely unexpected. She had been in her usual health, attending to her duties as librarian of the public library until it closed at the usual time, five o'clock, yesterday and spent every pleasant evening with her family, being in even better spirits than common.

She retired at about eleven o'clock. At one o'clock Mr. Lyon was roused by her raising up in bed. She only spoke a word and dropped over into his arms, gasped twice and expired. Dr. O. D. Platt was summoned at once but could do nothing. The remains will be taken to Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, her former home, for burial, the family leaving tomorrow morning for that place with the stricken wife.

Mrs. Lyon was one of the best known women in the city, having for the past five years been librarian of the St. Maries Public Library, in which she took a great deal of interest. The library, however, and its growth is due, in a great measure, to her untiring work and efforts in its behalf and her death will be a great blow to it as it will be difficult to find anyone who will take the interest in it or devote the time and work to it that she did. She was universally liked by all who knew her and the sympathy of a large circle of friends goes out to the stricken wife.

Mrs. Lyon was 50 years old the 11th day of last June. She was born at Lansing, Iowa, and moved with her parents, while still a small child, to Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, where she attended school and resided until she came to this city. She taught school in Grand Rapids for years and was married June 12, 1885, to Theron Lyon, whose family was one of the first to settle in that city.

She was a member of the Congregational church of that city and was prominent in church and club work until she left there in October, 1911, to join her husband who had come here to practice law. Her heart was always in Grand Rapids where her infant son was buried. They had kept their home there and her hope was to go back there to live. She had planned on visiting there next summer.

Besides her husband she leaves her daughter, Verna, who is one of the teachers in the city schools, two sons, Mr. and Mrs. George of Chicago, Mr. Frank Gardner of Spring Valley, Minnesota, and two brothers, Walter Gardner of Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, and Will Gardner of this city.

NEW BOOKS AT LIBRARY

The following new books will be ready for circulation at the Public Library Thursday evening:

Johnson—Highways and Byways of the Great Lakes.

Kickmann—Modern Knitting.

Marden—Making Life a Masterpiece.

Nichols—Intercollegiate Debates, Volumes III and IV.

Paintor—Compendious Manual, Statistics, Valuations, Addresses, and Responses, Class Poems, Songs, Etc., Motto. Comprehensive for grammar and high schools.

Tague—Giltanguli. A collection of prose translations by the author from the original Bengali. Probably the most representative of the author's works, and was the main cause of the award of the Nobel Prize.

Pitt—Italy and the Unholy Alliance. Sketching the last hundred years of Italian history and foreign relations, the author makes a strong defense of Italy's action in breaking the triple alliance and joining the entente powers.

Bartlett—The Wall Street Girl.

Bottome—The Dark Tower.

Gokey—Twenty-six Men and a Girl.

Openheim—Kingdom of the Blind.

Rowland—Filling His Own Shoes.

Sherwood—Worn Doorstop.

Van Schalek—Girl at Big Loom Post.

Wells—Mr. Britling Sees It Thrush.

Wright—When a Man's a Man.

Webster—Just Party. When Party Went to College.

—Children's Books

Bond—On the Battle Front of Engineering. The story of great engineering projects such as the Quebec Bridge, grain elevators, tunnels under the East river, etc.

Brown—Archer and the Phœnix. A wholesome and interesting story of preparatory school life.

Confidential—Boys of the Mine.

Dix—Blithe McBride.

Knobel—When Little Thoughts Go Rhyming. A collection of jingles and simple rhymes which are often successful in expressing a child's viewpoint.

Paine—Boys Life of Mark Twain.

Perkins—Cave Twins.

The very women who claim most for the work which men do now are precisely those who leave undone that which nature and society assign especially to them.

Jan 18 STATE OF WISCONSIN, DEPT. OF IN COUNTY COURT FOR WOOD COUNTY

In Re Estate of Maryann Liedke, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at the general term of said court to be held on the 15th day of February, 1917, at the county courthouse, the City of Grand Rapids, county of Wood and state of Wisconsin, there will be heard and considered the application of John Liedke, administrator of the estate of Maryann Liedke, deceased, for the appointment of an administrator on the estate of Maryann Liedke, deceased, into the care of the court.

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#### FUNERAL OF MRS. LYON

The remains of Mrs. Theron Lyon arrived in this city over the St. Paul road on Friday evening from St. Maries, Idaho, where Mrs. Lyon had passed away the previous Tuesday from an attack of heart trouble. The body was accompanied here by Mr. Lyon, Miss Verna Lyon and W.H. Gardner. The funeral was held on Monday afternoon from the Congregational church, the services being conducted by Rev. C. C. Becker of the Methodist church.

Mrs. Lyon, whose maiden name was Ida M. Gardner, was born in Lansing, Iowa, on the 13th of June, 1857, and had until her 50 years of age at her next birthday. She came to Grand Rapids with her family when a girl. She was married to Mr. Lyon in this city in 1885 and made her home here until she and Mr. Lyon moved west about six years ago, living for a short time at Spokane, Washington, and later moving to St. Maries, Idaho.

Mrs. Lyon was a woman who was liked by all who knew her, and had many friends in this city who had known her for many years and who had expected to greet her again in life, and who were greatly shocked and pained when they learned of her death.

A large number of the old-time friends attended the last sad rites.

Nels Jensen of the town of Sartoga favored the Tribune with a pleasant call on Monday while in the city on business.

John Joosten of the town of Rudolph, another of the pleasant callers at the Tribune office on Monday while in the city on business.

Mrs. Nels Laramie, Jr., has been in very poor health for several weeks, and at present is requiring the services of a trained nurse.

John W. Schmitz of the town of Schmitz, another of the pleasant callers at the Tribune office on Saturday while in the city on business.

Mrs. A. Bernick left on Monday for Chicago to spend a few days and hear John McCormick sing, who appears in that city this week.

See the new wash dresses for spring at \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 sizes 30 to 32. Ready-to-Wear Parlors, I. E. Wilcox.

F. E. Mongel, highway engineer for this district and A. E. Bennett of Cranbrook went to Madison Monday to attend the annual road school.

Mrs. James McCarthy who has been confined to her home during the past two weeks with an attack of the grippe, is considerably better at this writing.

Attorney C. E. Brier and Tony Peacock are taking in the auto show in Chicago this week.

Before returning Mr. Brier will look after some business matters in Iowa.

Emil Giesen of Red Wing, Minnesota, is spending a week in the city visiting with friends before leaving for Utah where he will be employed for several months.

Carl Donnussee of the town of Sigel was among the business callers at the Tribune office on Saturday, having dropped in to make his subscription good for another year.

The bans announcing the approaching marriage of Joe Bodette and Miss Mary Aegele were received for the third time at the St. Peter and Paul Catholic church on Sunday.

If you want to buy any city or farm property call up George Forrand at 755. He will give you a square deal and he has some exceptionally good bargains listed.

Senator L. P. Witter spent Sunday and Monday in this city visiting with friends and looking after some business matters.

He reports everything things booming even in Green Bay and that part of the country.

If you have any city or farm property you wish to sell, see George Forrand or call him at 755. He is delivering the goods these days.

The New Lisbon Times states that that city is going to have a big Home Coming there the coming summer.

Dr. D. A. Teifer of this city is named as a member of the non-resident members' committee on organization.

Besides her husband she leaves her daughter, Verna, who is one of the teachers in the city schools, and the son of the late Lee Pettinger of Chicago, and Mrs. Frank Rafferty of Spring Valley, Minnesota, and two brothers, Walter Gardner of Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, and Will Gardner of this city.

She was a member of the Congregational church of that city and was prominent in church and club work until she left there in October, 1911, to join her husband who had come here the previous April. Her heart was always in Grand Rapids.

Her husband was born in 1885, and was married May 12, 1885, to Theron Lyon, who was 50 years old this year.

He died in 1911, and she has one of the nicest homes in that city.

Mrs. Lyon was 50 years old the 11th day last June. She was born at Lansing, Iowa, and moved with her parents while still a small child, to Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, where she attended school and resided until she came to this city. She taught school in Grand Rapids for 9 years and was married May 12, 1885, to Theron Lyon, who was 50 years old this year.

The following new books will be ready for circulation at the Public Library Thursday evening:

Johnson—Highways and Byways of the Great Lakes.

Klickmann—Modern Knitting.

McManus—Ella Flagg Young.

Marden—Making Life a Masterpiece.

Michaels—Intercollegiate Debates.

Wasson—III and IV.

Paintou—Commençement Manual.

Satirato—Valedictories, addresses, and responses, class poems, songs, yells, mottoes. Comprehensive for grammar and high schools.

Tagore—Sons of Kabir.

Pitti—Italy and the Papal Alliance.

Sketches of the last hundred years of Italian history and foreign relations, the author makes a strong defense of Italy's action in breaking the triple alliance and joining the entente powers.

Bartlett—The Wall Street Girl.

Bottome—The Dark Tower.

Goeby—Twenty-six Men and a Girl.

Oppenheim—Kingdom of the Blind.

Reinhard—Filling His Own Shoes.

Sherwood—Worn Doorstep.

Van Schack—Girl at Big Loon Post.

Wells—Mr. Britting Sees It Thru.

Wright—When a Man's a Man.

Webster—Just Party. When Patty Went to College.

Children's Books.

Bond—On the Battle Front of Engineering. The story of great engineering projects such as the Quebec bridge, grain elevators, tunnels under the East river, etc.

Brown—Archer and the Prophet.

A wholesome and interesting story of a preparatory school life.

Confield—Boys of the Rincon Ranch.

Dix—Bithe McBride.

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Perkins—Cave Twins.

The very women who clamor most for the work which men do now are precisely those who leave undone that which nature and society assign especially to them.

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In Re Estate of Maryanna Litzwick, deceased.

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#### LOCAL ITEMS

Leonard Klinster is assisting in the Roof Construction Co's office for several weeks.

James Jensen and John Grant spent several days in Chicago this week.

The body was accompanied here by Mr. Lyon, Miss Verna Lyon and W.H. Gardner. The funeral was held on Monday afternoon from the Congregational church, the services being conducted by Rev. C. C. Becker of the Methodist church.

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Elmer Durkee and mother, Mrs. Widrick, were called to Waukesha on Friday by the death of the latter's brother, Fred Hansen.

Mrs. J. W. Jenkins of Madison is that city for a week's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. MacKinnon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Karmatz of Milwaukee spent several days in this city last week to visit the funeral of Mrs. Karmatz' brother, Louis Akey.

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Arthur Mulvey, Rose, received an invitation from Secretary Yost, state president of the Elks Lodge, to come to Milwaukee Monday and sing several songs at the big Elk doings to be held in that city on that evening.

Exalted Rulers from all over the United States will be present.

Messrs. W. J. Conway, ex-president Otto R. Roenius and W. C. Carey expect to attend the meeting.

A South Dakota law proposes to make it possible for a surgeon to extract a tooth where it has been diagnosed as affected with disease.

All appendicis and

the appendix is not

affected with disease.

All appendicis and

the appendix is not

# The Tracer of Egos

Chronicles of Dr. Phileas Immanuel, Soul Specialist

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

## THE AMULET OF MARDUK

REMEMBER vividly the conversation in Doctor Immanuel's library, because that evening was the beginning of my association with him, and the conversation was, so to say, the starting point of my own investigation.

There were five of us there, Dr. Phileas Immanuel, Doctor Maine, Paul Tarrant, the millionaire whose priceless art collections passed to the nation recently under the terms of his will, and another man whose name I have forgotten. We had been discussing the case of Helen Blythe, Mr. Tarrant's governess, who had been dismissed for stealing, after the court had passed a suspended sentence upon her by grace of a defense of kleptomania.

"You say," said Doctor Maine, the eminent neurologist, "that you believe in reincarnation upon the analogy of the plant—the lilac plant, you used for an example. The lilac, as I understand you to say, flowers during some two weeks in the year, and, having faded, reviews its earthly experiences in some paradise of dream somnolence until, in due season, the soul of the flower incarnates itself in another cluster of petals. So, you say, man comes to birth again after he has passed through the gates of death. That's not a bad simile, Immanuel, but that's not biology. How do you justify your belief biologically—or, let us say, by any laws of inductive reasoning?"

"You are, of course, acquainted with the researches of Freud?" asked the Greek doctor of Malone.

"Well, I should say so," the other responded. "A big man—one of the biggest in his line of today."

"How would you sum up his discoveries?" asked Doctor Immanuel.

Doctor Maine did not hesitate for a instant. "Freud's great work," he said, "has been the proof that our subconscious or dream life is continuous, that every dream accurately corresponds to some ungratified physical or mental need and is, one may say, its fulfillment. For instance, take the man who has always wanted, but never owned, a motor car. His dreams will show a more or less continuous experience—not of motoring, for they will be vested under some symbol, but of flying, or aeroplane, or holding the throttle of an engine. It may even be a fly on a wheel, or a swimmer clinging to an upturned boat in a whirlpool; but in some manner the dream life will reflect the waking wish."

"Precisely," answered Doctor Immanuel. "Well, now, let us carry the simile further. The condition after death represents to the full this dream life, magnified to the nth power. There, in that paradise of bliss, every ungratified wish that was ever experienced in life comes true—generally. But suppose that the impulse to rebirth cuts short the experiences of heaven prematurely. What then?" He paused and, looking round at us, raised his hand impressively. "Then, gentlemen, you have a soul reborn on earth which, instead of holding these past memories securely tucked away in the innermost recesses of its being, flings as gifts of character and natural ability, is built upon shifting sands. The submerged consciousness of these unsatisfied needs of its past life haunts it and drives it to unnatural deeds. All our criminals, for example, are merely persons who failed to fulfill their destinies; and, in proof of my contention, are not all criminals—criminals by instinct, of course I mean, not the starving beggar who snatches a loaf—are they not all physically unstable, mentally unbalanced, and easy subjects for the hypnotist? Yes, my dear Malone, and I believe that when hypnotized they can be made to yield up these past memories."

The subject was changed soon afterward by Doctor Malone. Like many medics of the old school, he held opinions rooted in the barren sands of materialism. Such theories as Immanuel's avowed to him of the charlatan. But for the eminence of the Greek physician he would, I am sure, have broken forth in angry protest. To took his leave soon after, and Tarrant and the fifth man also departed, leaving Paul Tarrant, the doctor and myself alone.

"Now take the case of Helen Blythe," said Mr. Tarrant, when we had settled ourselves in our chairs again. "Do you suppose that you could prove your contention in her case?"

"I didn't read the account," answered Doctor Immanuel. "All reports of crime distress me exceedingly. When I think how futile it is to put these unhappy creatures in prison, instead of treating them medically, I become enraged at the world and disgusted with my own inability to convince penologists of their mistake. But tell me about her."

"Helen Blythe," said Mr. Tarrant, "is a well-built, good-looking, modest young woman of, I should say, seven or eight and twenty. She came to me with excellent recommendations, to be a nursery governess for our children. Mrs. Tarrant took a great fancy to her and trusted her fully. Needless to say, neither of us was aware that Miss Blythe had been dismissed from a former situation for theft. As we discovered afterwards, she had stolen four valuable rings, which, in spite of the threat of prosecution, were never recovered. The girl claimed that she had forgotten where she had hidden them, but fully acknowledged her offense and repaid the value of them out of her savings. In spite of careful investigation of all the pawnshops in the city, however, the rings were never found."

Louis Raemakers Probably the Best Known of Artists Who Teach With the Pen.

Hidden away in an obscure studio in a London suburb, with a price upon his head (offered by Germany) Louis Raemakers has made the whole world shudder with his cartoons of the great war.

A year and a half ago he was an unknown Dutch landscape artist. To

to America, where he had been educated, by the Greek government, as their most distinguished medical representative and publicist, to attend the International Congress of Penologists at Boston. But the first few days' sittings had so disheartened the doctor, convincing him that his own theories would never gain him a hearing, and would, in fact, seriously prejudice his country, that he had withdrawn from the congress and was making his home at his headquarters during the period occupied by some special researches, about whose nature he had not enlightened me.

On the following morning we received two letters from Mr. Tarrant, in which he apologized for his inability to ask us to dinner on account of the death of a near relative of Mrs. Tarrant, and reiterated his desire that we visit him that evening. According to him, about eight o'clock we found ourselves in his library and received a cordial greeting.

"Before we see Miss Blythe," said Mr. Tarrant, "perhaps you gentlemen would like to inspect my antiquities?" We changed our servants without result. At last, by force of a constantly dwindling number of hypotheses, the suspicion came to rest upon Miss Blythe's shoulders.

"However, as Mrs. Tarrant locked away her valuables, nothing more was taken, and we should probably have kept the young woman in our employ but for what happened. The governess was a great student of antiquities; in fact, she had a knowledge of Hittite and Babylonian archaeology which astonished me and was a primary factor in the securing of her position. She had a half day's leave every week, and invariably spent it at the museum. She became a well-known figure there, for she always haunted the Assyrian room, in which, as you may know, are a number of engraved gems, of immeasurable value, brought from Babylon by the expedition which I sent there for the purpose of excavating the mounds of Nineveh. She had a half day's leave every week, and invariably spent it at the museum. She became a well-known figure there, for she always haunted the Assyrian room, in which, as you may know, are a number of engraved gems, of immeasurable value, brought from Babylon by the expedition which I sent there for the purpose of excavating the mounds of Nineveh. Some ten days ago the watchman, who had somehow become suspicious of the young woman, discovered her with the half of a sacred amulet in her hand—a ring supposed to have been worn by the high priest of Marduk. As you may know, that half amulet is one of the most celebrated possessions of the Assyrian department. The watchman arrested her and summoned the curator. When he came it was discovered that the half amulet still rested in its place inside the case. The half which Helen Blythe held in her hand was mine—the other half, and willed by me to the museum. The young woman made no resistance, but suffered herself to be led away, as it in a comatoso state. She was brought to my house. I identified the half of the charm, and the girl was placed under arrest, to be released under a suspended sentence yesterday."

"Where is the girl?" asked Doctor Immanuel.

"Why, doctor," said Mr. Tarrant, flushing, "I am ashamed to say that I have taken her back."

"Good!" ejaculated the doctor, puffing vigorously at his cigar. "But she will steal again."

"Indeed, no," answered the millionaire with conviction. "We had a very serious talk with her, Mrs. Tarrant and I. We told her that we felt, under the circumstances, which we had not fully understood, that we ought not to turn her adrift into the world. We thought that by the force of example, perhaps, we might cure her of her unfortunate propensity. And so she was reengaged—not, of course, as governess, but as a sort of aid to my wife."

"And she was pensive?"

"Entirely so. She protested that she would conquer her weakness; she vowed never to touch jewelry again, or to look at it. She pleaded earnestly for our confidence, said it was only for us which she fell in irresistible temptation to take, and—"

"And she will steal again," said Doctor Immanuel.

"Well, doctor, you have a poor faith in human nature, considering your humanitarian profession," said the millionaire.

"Tell you, Mr. Tarrant, she will steal again," persisted the doctor. "You cannot eradicate the instincts derived from a former incarnation with kindness only. Doubtless she was a wealthy gem collector in Rome or Athens—or Alexandria, more likely—about the year 100 A.D."

Paul Tarrant smiled skeptically.

"Will you tell me how you arrive at your date so exactly, doctor?" he asked.

"By the analogy of the lilac tree," replied Doctor Immanuel. "The lilac blooms for two weeks in every fifty—so that not as? Then we may say its sleeping life is twenty times as long as its life in physical form. Now if we take the normal human life to be seventy years, each human item will reappear after a total interval of about 1,820 years—shorter or longer according to the individual idiosyncrasy, but, for instance, whose descendants life must have been peculiarly rich in memories, and therefore prolonged, was robust as Napoleon after little more than 2,000 years. Cleopatra reappeared as Gladstone after some 1,860 years; the fabulous Queen Semiramis after some 1,750 years as Catherine II of Russia. Those mighty figures appear and reappear through history with the regularity of comets, and, like them, are recurrent phenomena which flash through a wondering world. Well, then, some 1,820 years ago your Helen Blythe was a gem collector or lapidary—or something similar in the classic world, and it is the ungratified desire for jewels which has made her a kleptomaniac today."

"Perhaps you would like to see her, doctor?" the millionaire suggested tolerantly. "I confess I am not convinced as to the truth of your theories, but I should immensely like to know just how the ancients Romans set their rings."

Doctor Immanuel accepted this cordially, and before we parted it was arranged that we two should visit Mr. Tarrant at his house after dinner on the following evening. So we separated, upon terms of the utmost good-will; and both Mr. Tarrant and myself, I am sure, politely skepted at Doctor Immanuel's claims.

Doctor Immanuel was staying at my house at this time. He had been sent

she seemed to be utterly unconscious of our presence.

Doctor Immanuel walked over to her; he placed one hand on either shoulder and looked into her unthinking eyes.

"Helen," he said quietly, "open your hands!"

There was a moment of uncertainty, then the hard eyes closed and the hands opened obediently. With a cry of exultation, Mr. Tarrant pounced upon an object held in one of them—a massive ring containing an enormous engraved stone which looked like a sardonyx.

"Here it is!" he shouted. "Now, then, will one of you gentlemen go for an officer?"

Doctor Immanuel turned round and held up a finger in warning.

"She doesn't hear you," he said quietly. "She is hypnotized."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Tarrant, angrily. "How could you hypnotize her in that minute?"

"She has hypnotized herself," answered Doctor Immanuel. "She came to you in a hypnotic condition, and her normal condition would be totally ignorant of what she has done. Helen, he added, softly, "you are in the hands of your friends. Go over and sit down on that sofa and sleep until I wake you."

The girl crossed the room obediently, walking just as normal persons would have done. She found the sofa and sat down; but all the while her eyes were closed. Mr. Tarrant stood by, still fuming.

"Have I your permission to proceed?" asked Doctor Immanuel. "I believe you invited us here for this very purpose, Mr. Tarrant."

"Oh, yes, by all means," Tarrant answered.

"But you'll have to convince me before I allow her to leave this house except under police supervision."

"I hope to," answered the doctor.

"But first let me assure you that this young woman could never be convicted of theft in any court. Ignorant as our police magistrates are, the understanding that there is such a thing as alternating personality has finally filtered into the public mind. If you will

not understand just what has occurred."

The two men came back arguing violently. Doctor Immanuel's voice rose high and shrill above that of his friend.

"She told you the inscription on the stone and set you right some six centuries," he cried. "What other proof do you want, Tarrant?"

"Oh, well, it's all rubbish, you know," answered the millionaire. "Of course, now that I have the amulet, I don't want to have the girl sent to jail. But I can't keep a thief in my house—can't I, doctor?"

"She need not be a thief," Doctor Immanuel answered. "It all depends upon you."

"How so? Didn't you yourself tell me that she would steal again?"

"Yes. As long as she was looking for the opportunity to restore the lost amulet to the high priest."

"Well, I guess she'll have to go on looking for him," said Mr. Tarrant. "What do you want me to do—to take her to Babylon and look for the incarnation of the old fellow among the desert Bedouins?"

"Why, my dear Tarrant, you don't suppose you'll find him there, do you?" the doctor asked quizzically.

"More probably in this city. Do you suppose a man of that intelligence is condemned to be reborn as a camel herder? The civilization of Babylon passed on to Rome, and thence to England and America, just as the Hindus became the Egyptians and the Greek republics, the republics of Florence, Genoa and Pisa and Venice in the middle ages."

"Now look here, Tarrant," he continued, as they sat down, "here is the situation as I size it up. Believe me or not, as you please—it doesn't matter. Your Helen Blythe was once the priestess of Ishtar. It wasn't a position that called for any high intellect; it was a semi-servile position, in fact, and the priestess was chosen mainly for her appearance and birth. We may suppose that in her former birth she had merited her good fortune by generous deeds, but, once the reward had been enjoyed, she sank down to the grade of governess again—or its equivalent in the ancient world. She was the care of this amulet. She was born under the most sacred aspect of Zeus to deliver it to the priest of Marduk. For some cause she failed to fulfill her task, and the omission so profoundly affected her that it lay like an incubus on her soul during her next incarnation. She stole rings, obsessed solely by the desire to discover the lost amulet again. At last she found it. She took it to the museum—still in her entranced condition—and was on the point of placing it with the other half when she was arrested, or, as she rather confusedly interpreted the occurrence when on the borderline between sleep and waking, the king sent soldiers to arrest her—probably the police and watchmen at the museum. Now, Tarrant, send the half amulet to the museum and you will find it perfectly safe to keep Miss Blythe in your house henceforward."

"Well," said Mr. Tarrant, "to be frank, I have intended to present it to the museum shortly, and after my experiences of the past few days I'll follow your advice. But as for keeping her in my employment—"

"Simple, isn't it? Yet I am sure it is safer there than in any of these cases—or, for the matter of that, in a stock safe."

"First, let me tell you something about this treasure," he continued, waxing enthusiastic. "The amulet is supposed to have been made for the high priest of Marduk, at Babylon. According to the cuneiform inscription, it was kept by the priestess of Ishtar pending the completion of Marduk's colossal temple, and it is believed, also it was discovered in the ruins of the temple of Ishtar, that for some cause the priestess never delivered it. Perhaps it was hidden, perhaps the city was destroyed before the transfer could be made. At any rate, it was a most sacred object and, from the fact that it was made in two halves, it is certain that the highest value was placed upon it. But I am wearying you, gentlemen. Come into the library, and I will show it to you."

"We passed into the library. Mr. Tarrant switched off the lights in the museum and, carefully closing and locking the door, switched on the library lights. As the room became illuminated we heard the door at the other end close softly. There was the swishing of skirts.

I was not prepared for what followed. With a yell the millionaire leaped across the room, burst open the door and reappeared, dragging with him the figure of a woman. Of course it was Miss Blythe. She stood staring at him, looking like a sleepwalker. Her hands were tightly closed.

"Open your hands!" yelled Mr. Tarrant. "What have you got there? Open them, I say!"

But the girl seemed to have the strength of an athlete, for Mr. Tarrant, powerful man though he was, could not open her hands. All the while she stood and stared at him, and

she seemed to be utterly unconscious of our presence.

Doctor Immanuel walked over to her; he placed one hand on either shoulder and looked into her unthinking eyes.

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not understand just what has occurred."

Doctor Immanuel began to estimate.

"Our period takes us back to the year 100, does it not?" he asked.

"The word Nineveh, doctor. The translation reads 'King of Bel's slave' and were utterly meaningless. If that is correct—it must be, but the stone was so rubbed none of us could

read it—why it places the date back to the thirty-fifth century, B. C."

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## The Tracer of Egos

Chronicles of Dr. Phileas Immanuel, Soul Specialist

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

## THE AMULET OF MARDUK

I REMEMBER vividly the conversation in Doctor Immanuel's library, because that evening was the beginning of my association with him, and the conversation was, so to say, the starting point of my own investigations.

There were five of us there, Dr. Phileas Immanuel, Doctor Maine, Paul Tarrant, the millionaire whose priceless art collections passed to the nation recently under the terms of his will, and another man whose name I have forgotten. We had been discussing the case of Helen Blythe, Mr. Tarrant's governess, who had been dismissed for stealing, after the court had passed a suspended sentence upon her by grace of a defense of kleptomania.

"You say," said Doctor Maine, the eminent neurologist, "that you believe in reincarnation upon the analogy of the plant—the lilac plant, you used for an example. The lilac, as I understand you to say, flowers during some two weeks in the year and, having faded, reviews its earthly experiences in some paradise of dreamy somnolence until, in due season, the soul of the flower incarnates itself in another cluster of petals. So, you say, man comes to birth again after he has passed through the gates of death. That's not a bad simile, Immanuel, but that's not biology. How do you justify your belief biologically—or, let us say, by any laws of inductive reasoning?"

"You are, of course, acquainted with the researches of Freud?" asked the Greek doctor of Maine.

"Well, I should say so," the other responded. "A big man—one of the biggest in his line of today."

"How would you sum up his discoveries?" asked Doctor Immanuel.

Doctor Maine did not hesitate for a moment. "Freud's great work," he said, "has been the proof that our subconscious dream life is continuous, that every dream accurately corresponds to some ungratified physical or mental need and, in one may say, its fulfillment. For instance, take the man who has always wanted, but never owned, a motor car. His dreams will show a car or less continuous experience—not of motorizing, for they will be veiled under some symbol, but of flying, or aero-planing, or holding the throttle of an engine. He may even be a fly on a wheel, or a swimmer clinging to an upturned boat in a whirlpool; but in some manner the dream life will reflect the waking wish."

"Precisely," answered Doctor Immanuel. "Well, now, let us carry the simile further. The condition after death represents to the full this dream life, magnified to the nth power. There, in that paradise of bliss, every ungratified wish that was ever experienced in life comes true—generally. But suppose that the impulse to birth cuts short the experiences of heaven prematurely. What then?" He paused and, looking round at us, raised his hand impressively. "These gentlemen, you have a soul reborn on earth which, instead of holding these past memories securely tucked away in the innermost recesses of its being, flounders as gits of character and natural ability, is built upon shifting sands. The submerged consciousness of these unassisted needs of its past life haunts it and drives it to unlawful deeds. All our criminals, for example, are merely persons who failed to fulfill their destinies; and in proof of my contention, are not all criminals—criminals by instinct, of course I mean—not the starving beggar who snatches a loaf—nor they are not all physically unstable, mentally unbalanced, and easy subjects for the hypnotist? Yes, my dear Maine, and I believe that when hypnotized they can be made to yield up these past memories."

The subject was changed soon afterward by Doctor Maine. "The lilac blooms for two weeks in every fifty-two—is that not so? Then we may say its sleeping life is twenty-six times as long as its life in physical form. Now, if we take the normal human life to be seventy years, each human item will reappear after an interval of about 1,820 years—shorter or longer according to the individual idiosyncrasy, but more or less upon time. Hannibal, for instance, whose discriminate life must have been peculiarly rich in memories, died therefore prolonged, was reborn as Napoleon after a little more than 2,000 years. Cicero reappeared as Gladstone after some 1,850 years; the fabulous Queen Semiramis after 2,000 years as Cleopatra, and after some 1,820 years ago your Helen Blythe was a gem collector or lapidary or something similar in the classic world; and it is the ungratified desire for jewels which has made her a kleptomaniac today."

"Perhaps you would like to see her, doctor?" the millionaire suggested tolerantly. "I confess I am not convinced as to the truth of your theories, but I should immeasurably like to know just how the ancient Romans set their rings."

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On the following morning we received two letters from Mr. Tarrant, in which he apologized for his inability to ask us to dinner on account of the death of a near relative of Mrs. Tarrant, and reiterated his desire that we visit him that evening. Accordingly, about eight o'clock we found ourselves in his library and received a cordial greeting.

"Before we see Miss Blythe," said Mr. Tarrant, "perhaps you gentlemen would care to inspect my antiquities?"

A few weeks after we had engaged Miss Blythe my wife began to miss valuables of hers. Rings seemed to be the young woman's penchant. An opal, a diamond and sapphire, and a magnificient emerald in a fifteen century setting disappeared successively. We charged our servants without result. At last, by force of a constantly dwindling number of hypotheses, the suspicion came to rest upon Miss Blythe's shoulders.

"However, as Mrs. Tarrant locked away her valuables, nothing more was taken, and we should probably have kept the young woman in our employ but for what happened.

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Doctor Maine did not hesitate for a moment. "Freud's great work," he said, "has been the proof that our subconscious dream life is continuous, that every dream accurately corresponds to some ungratified physical or mental need and, in one may say, its fulfillment. For instance, take the man who has always wanted, but never owned, a motor car. His dreams will

show a car or less continuous experience—not of motorizing, for they will be veiled under some symbol, but of flying, or aero-planing, or holding the throttle of an engine. He may even be a fly on a wheel, or a swimmer clinging to an upturned boat in a whirlpool; but in some manner the dream life will reflect the waking wish."

"Precisely," answered Doctor Immanuel. "Well, now, let us carry the simile further. The condition after death represents to the full this dream life, magnified to the nth power. There, in that paradise of bliss, every ungratified wish that was ever experienced in life comes true—generally. But suppose that the impulse to birth cuts short the experiences of heaven prematurely. What then?" He paused and, looking round at us, raised his hand impressively. "These gentlemen, you have a soul reborn on earth which, instead of holding these past memories securely tucked away in the innermost recesses of its being, flounders as gits of character and natural ability, is built upon shifting sands. The submerged consciousness of these unassisted needs of its past life haunts it and drives it to unlawful deeds. All our criminals, for example, are merely persons who failed to fulfill their destinies; and in proof of my contention, are not all criminals—criminals by instinct, of course I mean—not the starving beggar who snatches a loaf—nor they are not all physically unstable, mentally unbalanced, and easy subjects for the hypnotist? Yes, my dear Maine, and I believe that when hypnotized they can be made to yield up these past memories."

"You are, of course, acquainted with the researches of Freud?" asked the Greek doctor of Maine.

"Well, I should say so," the other responded. "A big man—one of the biggest in his line of today."

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ROAD TIRES (GOODYEARS)  
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**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman,  
Patent Lawyer, Attorney, Books  
Patent Confidential, Higher Education Recommended

The new empress of Austria is of  
Italian birth.

**ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.**

A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Baroo Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. Any drug store will supply you with mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Baroo Compound. It will gray hair, turn gray hair black, fade gray hair, and make it soft and shiny. It will not color the scalp; it is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Cleveland hotels are experimenting with girl "bedboys."

**"CASCARETS" ACT**  
ON LIVER, BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness,  
bad taste or constipation  
by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passage-way every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food, and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripes, sickness or any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Miss Mabel Blackburn has invented an overshoe for horses' feet which prevents slipping on wet streets.

**Good Health Makes a Happy Home**

Good health makes household easy. Bad health takes all happiness out of life. Hosts of women drag along in misery, back aching, worried, "blue," tired, because they don't know what ails them.

These same troubles come with work kidneys, and if the kidney action is distressingly disturbed, there should be done something to help.

Get a box of Dr. Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of discouraged women.

**A Wisconsin Case**

Mrs. Campbell, 521 French St., Peshtigo, Wis., had rheumatism, and bladders trouble with severe pain, and a small amount of my bark.

My kidneys were very bad, and aches bothered me. After I had used your Kidney Pills, the pain left, my kidneys were strengthened and I gained weight. I haven't needed any more since.

Get Dr. Kidney Pills at any store, 50c a box.

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

TRADE MARK

Don't accept any substitute. Used by Mothers for 50 years. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

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30 Cents per Pound

More of it sold in WISCONSIN  
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"Old Milwaukee" Brand Roasted Coffee.  
It is machine cleaned twice before roasting—afterward—so you get absolutely the best coffee.

Another good reason why more "Old Milwaukee" is sold in WISCONSIN than any other one brand.

John Hoffman & Sons Co.  
Milwaukee.

Note: Our name on Canned Foods  
means the best.

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FRESH, FROZEN, SMOKED, SALTED  
Send for Price List.

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ROAD TIRES

See our dealers in your city.

STANDARD RACINE RUBBER CO.

Open every hour during the year.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Our

WISCONSIN FISH

## WANT COLUMN

### NEWS NOTES FROM WISCONSIN PLACES

**FOR SALE**—House and two lots, east side, 477 1st St. N. W., 3 blocks from city hall. Reasonable terms. Mrs. Ed. Matheny.

**FOR SALE CHEAP**—33 acres land adjoining Cloverbale. Tel. 876. 21p.

**FOR RENT**—House on west side, near Lowell school. Telephone 963. 31p.

**FOR SALE**—My pure-bred Iroquois bull, Englewood Bo. No. 17848. Also some pure-bred Golden Glow seed corn, price \$4.00 per bu. Joe Reddin, Grand Rapids, Wis. R. 2.

**FOUND**—Pair of leather faced mittens on west side Tuesday. Owner can get same at this office by paying for this notice.

**FOR SALE**—New milk cow, three weeks fresh. Stevens & Edwards meat market.

**FOR SALE**—Owing to the high cost of eggs I must sell my Ford touring car, for I do love my eggs. Car is in first-class mechanical condition, with new tires, demountable rims, shock absorbers. A good car at a little money. Phone 324 or 509. 21p.

**FOR SALE**—One fresh cow with calf one week old, on the Schmit farm, one mile south of Grand Rapids. Harry N. Pierce. 11p.

**FOR SALE**—Three houses. Call Mrs. Frances Wittonberg, phone 844. 21p.

**WANTED**—Girl for general house-work. No children. Apply to W. C. Welsel.

**FOR SALE**—Two second hand two-seated cutters. Will be sold cheap. Nash Hardware Co.

**FOR SALE**—Best northern Wisconsin cut-over lands and farms, 40 acres to sections, in the Fruit Belt. Best transportation, roads, schools and markets. Satisfactory terms. Call on or address F. Dunnebeck, Manager, Bayfield Investment Association, Ashland, Wisconsin. Office: Ashland National Bank Building, E. N. Poinsett, local agent. 251.

**WANTED TO BUY**—Large second-hand safe. Chas. Klykone, secretary Seneca, Sigel and Rudolph Insurance Co.

**FOR RENT**—Good house on 4th Ave. N. and two flats on 1st Ave. N. L. M. Nash.

**FOR SALE**—A few fancy cutters; two pair bob sleds and some lap robes. Nash Hdwy. Co.

Shawano Journal: Every year the Mononocines have a "Dog Feast." At times the feasts eaten are passed around, and whoever finds the bone in it is obliged to give a feast the succeeding year. Last year this lot fell to Ernest Oshkosh, and on Saturday, he gave his feast, which was attended by a great crowd from all over the reservation. The cake for this big feast was made by the Mohlberg bakery. They promise that the paper will appear again in a few days bigger and better than ever. The paper has had a hard struggle for existence as it appears to charts have reluctantly refused to utilize its advertising columns, and without advertising, its largest source of income, the publication of any paper is necessarily a losing proposition.

Neenah Republican: Gertrude Cummings was called to Auburn, N. Y., to testify as a witness against a patent medicine firm, which had used her picture and a false testimonial with her name attached in their advertisements. Post office inspectors, which looked into the matter, had Miss Cummings subpoenaed as a witness. She left town about 5 o'clock Sunday morning, when Soo train No. 3 was crossing the bridge at Chippewa Falls, the structure began to sway and sag. The train, which was running at a slow rate of speed at the time, was not derailed, but was delayed on the bridge for about three and one-half hours. No. 2 arrived in the city at 6:30 o'clock Sunday evening instead of 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon as scheduled. The bridge was immediately repaired by replacing several iron rods which had broken. The trains are again running over the bridge as usual. Most of the trains have been arriving in this city almost on time for the past couple of days, the right of way having been cleared after the recent storm. Several of the trains are a little behind time each day but are returning to schedule. —Stevens Point Journal.

An order will probably be placed with the Yellowstone National park authorities for the removal of elk for the Wisconsin game farm at Trout Lake, Vilas county, according to C. M. Wagner, chairman of the state conservation committee. The order will be placed at once and if the Yellowstone authorities are able to fill it, about 60 elk will be on their way to Wisconsin within a few days. About three years ago a herd was raised to bring elk from Wyoming to Wisconsin and the animals were bought and shipped to this state. However, only two females survived the trip. Last fall Charles Comsky of Chicago, gave the state a male elk. The state game department refused to pay the transportation charges and still have the fund on hand. —Eagle River News.

Stevens Point Journal: Miss Eva Jepson, a student at the Normal who has been deprived of the power of speech for the past two or three weeks, is again able to talk again.

The power of speech suddenly returned to her Saturday evening as she was enjoying the "movies" at the Lyric theatre. Miss Jepson had

been whispering all the day as usual and when she spoke to Mrs. Ida Scott, who had accompanied her to the theatre, her whisper broke into full tone. She is now able to speak about as usual.

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Market Report.

Spring Chickens ..... 15

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Come in and get a "Christmas Banking Club" Book FREE and join the club. By depositing 10 cents and increasing your weekly deposit 10 cents each week, you will have \$127.50 in 50 weeks. You can put in \$1.00 or \$2.00 or \$5.00 each week and in 50 weeks have \$50 or \$100 or \$250.

We add 3 per cent interest.

You can start TODAY—START!

**Citizens National Bank**

### LOCAL ITEMS

Matt Schling is confined to his home with an attack of grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Thorson and children left for their home in Montauk last Thursday.

Manitowoc is to vote on the adoption of the commission form of government on February 20, at a special election.

It is in length of patience, endurance and forbearance that so much of what is good in mankind and mankind is shown.

C. C. Rowley underwent an operation for appendicitis at Oshkosh on Tuesday. Latest reports from her are that she is getting along nicely.

E. M. Pease leaves today for Pasadena, California, where he expects to spend a month with Mrs. Pease, who has been there for some time past with her son.

Frank Sharkey spent a couple of days last week at home as his family were on sick.

Vida Sharkey went to town last Thursday to spend several days with her sister, Mrs. Berard.

N. J. Richards of Grand Rapids visited with his sister, Mrs. Bat Sharkey between trains Saturday evening.

Percy Mullenbar, the new station agent, spent Sunday with his parents in Nekoosa.

G. H. Ticknor of Wausau was in the city Tuesday to attend the funeral of his father, Henry Ticknor. Owing to the distance it was impossible for his other son, Lee Ticknor, who lives at Everson, Washington, to be here at the funeral.

Mrs. Ernest Belter entertained the M. W. Club on Wednesday afternoon and a good time was had by the members and their wives. Refreshments were served during the evening. The next meeting of the club will be at the home of Mrs. Otto Erdman.

Prof. Chilrud attended a school meeting in Grand Rapids Saturday.

Frank Sharkey, wife and two children came down from Milwaukee Sunday night. Mrs. Sharkey will spend some time here.

Mrs. Maude Robbins went to Grand Rapids Sunday night and will work in the Leader office.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kellogg entertained a party of their friends at their Third street home on Monday evening, the guest of honor being Mrs. J. H. Wright of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Auction bridge occupied the attention of the guests after dinner and the wands were awarded to Mrs. Richard Olson, Mrs. C. E. Boles, C. E. Boles and W. E. Nash. A very pleasant time was had.

ENTERTAINED AT BRIDGE

Mrs. Jas. B. Nash entertained a party of ladies at her home Saturday afternoon for Mrs. J. H. Wright, three tables being filled by the guests playing Bridge. Mrs. T. W. Brazee carried on the honors for high score.

ENTERTAINED AT BRIDGE

The W-B Cut tobacco is a great success. It is rich tobacco with a large chew or grind on it. It may be too strong for some.

WHEN you gentlemen get together at your lodge meetings, somebody is pretty sure to start the little pouch of W-B CUT up the line for his brothers. It's conducive to brotherly feeling. There is gratitude for the rich tobacco that makes a little nibble go so far and for the touch of salt that brings out the tobacco satisfaction without so much jaw work.

Made by WEYMAN-BRUTON COMPANY, 50 Union Square, New York City

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FOR SALE CHEAP.—33 acres land adjoining Cloverdale. Tel. 816. 21-p

FOR RENT.—House on west side, near Lowell school. Telephone 908. 39-p

FOR SALE.—My pure-bred Holstein bull, Englewood, Bob, age 17846. Also some pure-bred Golden Glow seed corn, price \$1.00 per bushel. Grand Rapids, Wis., R. 2.

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FOR SALE.—Best northern Wisconsin cut-over lands and farms, 40 acres to sections, in the Fruel Belt. Best transportation, roads, schools and markets. Satisfactory terms. Call on or address F. Dunnbeckel, Manager, Bayfield Investment Association, Ashland, Wisconsin. Office: Ashland National Bank Building, E. N. Pomonaville, local agent. 25.

WANTED TO BUY.—Large second-hand safe. Chas. Klevene, secretary Seneca, Sigel and Rudolph Insurance Co.

FOR RENT.—Good house on 4th Ave. N., and two flats on 1st Ave. N. L. M. Nash.

FOR SALE.—A few fancy cutters; two pair bob sleds and some lap robes. Nash Hdw. Co.

## NEWS NOTES FROM WISCONSIN PLACES

Menominee hold a King feast or it is often called a "dog feast." At each of these feasts cakes were passed around, and whoever ate the cake with it had to be obliged to give a feast the succeeding year. Last year this lot fell to Ernest Oshkosh, and on Saturday, he gave his feast, which was attended by a great crowd from all over the reservation. The cake for this big feast was made by the Mehlberg bakery. It was a three layer cake, 24 inches in diameter and thirty inches high, and weighed thirty-four pounds. The cake was covered with ornaments.

The Fox River Journal, Appleton's daily has suspended publication temporarily pending a reorganization of the company. The promise that the paper would again in a few days be bigger and better than ever. The paper has had a hard struggle for existence as the Appleton merchants have persistently refused to patronize its advertising columns and without advertising, its largest source of income, the publication of any paper is necessarily a losing proposition.

Neenah Republican: This community was greatly shocked and grieved over the death of Carl Tribb, by drowning, which occurred last Wednesday in the Wisconsin river.

On the 17th, Anderson house, George Tribb, his son Carl and Mr. Anderson were engaged in hauling pole wood across the river. Carl suggested that he walk across and save a considerable distance while his father and Mr. Anderson go with the team. When he did not return, they feared something had gone wrong and upon investigation, found Carl's tracks in the snow which led to an ice floe in the ice. Since the terrible accident efforts have been made to find the body, but to no avail. The current of water is swift where he disappeared, and it is doubtful if the body will be recovered before the breakup in the spring, and perhaps not then.

Plainfield Sun: Millard Smith of the town of Ossia met with an accident Sunday that nearly resulted in the loss of his hand. While the blizzard was raging Sunday, the wire on his windmill broke, throwing the mill into gear. Fearing that the mill would be broken in the heavy wind, Mr. Smith climbed the tower and endeavored to throw the mill out of gear, and while this engaged one of his hands became caught between the pitman and the side of the frame.

The wind was blowing about forty miles an hour and the air was so full of flying snow that things were scarcely discernible. The wedging of his hand stopped the swiftly revolving wheel, and he was then unable to extract his hand until he could get hold of the wheel with his other hand and turn it backwards—no easy task up on a high tower with the wind raging as it was at that time and suffering with the pain of his imprisoned hand. However, he managed to accomplish his purpose and to get off the tower.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hanutko, Mrs. Mary Hanutko and Miss Pinto attended a wedding in Grand Rapids this week.

Dr. Sawyer of Pittsville was called to see Mrs. M. Franzen who is quite ill. She is somewhat improved at this writing.

Hans Olson is on the sick list this week.

Mabel Olson was called home last week to care for her mother who is confined to her bed with rheumatism.

As to the pure, all things are pure, so the common mind sees far more vulgarity in others than the mind developed in genuine refinement.

## Now Is The Time

to have your painting done, as when the spring rush is on and everybody will be wanting work done at once. We also make Seat Covers for any make of car at the lowest price and best material.

Workmanship Guaranteed

## SWEET BROS.

### BAKER STREET,

### Formerly Anderson Carriage Works.

## COAL AND WOOD

The Best Grades at Reasonable Prices.

CALL US UP AT Phone 416 or 5

BOSSERT BROTHERS

WOOD AND COAL YARDS

STOMACH AILMENTS

THE NATION'S CURSE

There is no ailment causing more woe and misery than Stomach Trouble. Often gall stones, cancer and ulcers of the stomach and intestines, constipation, acute indigestion, auto-intoxication, yellow jaundice, appendicitis and other serious and fatal ailments result from it. The thousands of stomach sufferers owe their complete recovery to May's Wonderful Remedy. It is unlike any other remedy. It sweeps the poisonous bile and catarrhal accretions from the system. Soothes and allays chronic inflammation. Many declare it has saved their lives, and prevented serious surgical operations. Try one dose today. Watch its marvelous results. Contains no alcohol—no habit-forming drugs. Book on Stomach Ailments R. 16. Addres G. H. May, Mfg. Chemist, Chicago. Better get obtain a bottle of May's Wonderful Remedy from Otto's Pharmacy or any reliable druggist who will refund your money if it fails.

Neillsville Republican: Gertrude Cummings was called to Auburn, N. Y., to testify as a witness against a patent medicine firm, which had used her picture and a false testimonial with her name attached in their advertisements. Post office Inspector Wm. Esch looked the matter up and found that Cummings submitted as a witness. She left here Wednesday morning for the long trip, making the journey alone. It is said that Inspector Esch has found about sixty persons, whose names have been forged to false testimonial for this so-called medicine known as "Sargol."

An order will probably be placed with the Yellowstone National Park authorities for a carload of elk for the Wisconsin game farm at Trout Lake, Vilas county, according to C. M. Wagner, chairman of the state conservation commission. The order is to be placed at once and if the Yellowstone authorities are able to find about 60 elk will be on their way to Wisconsin within a few days. About three years ago a fund was raised to bring elk from Wyoming to Wisconsin, and the animals bought and shipped to this state. Because of the inclement weather, however, only two females survived the trip. Last fall Charles Cominsky of Chicago, gave the state a male elk. The state game department refused to pay the transportation charges and still have the fund on hand—Eagle River News.

Spring Chickens . . . . . 16

Chicks . . . . . 16

Roosters . . . . . 12

Ducks . . . . . 15

Geese . . . . . 14

Turkeys . . . . . 22

Beef . . . . . 10-12

Hides . . . . . 18

Veal . . . . . 12-13

Hay timothy . . . . . 12.00

Hay timothy, Triumpha . . . . . 1.80

Potato, white . . . . . 1.65

Pork, dressed . . . . . 13-14

Rye . . . . . 1.12

Oats . . . . . . 48

Patent Flour . . . . . 10-12

Butter . . . . . 27-30

Eggs . . . . . 38

Rye Flour . . . . . 8.35

## LOCAL ITEMS

Matt Schleg is confined to his home with an attack of grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Thoreson and children left for their home in Montauk last Thursday.

Montauk is to vote on the adoption of the commission form of government for February 20, at a special election.

It is in length of patience, endurance and forbearance that so much of what is good in mankind and woe in mankind is shown.

Mr. C. C. Rowley underwent an operation for appendicitis at Oshkosh on Tuesday. Latest reports from her are that she is getting along nicely.

E. M. Pease leaves today for Pasadena, California, where he expects to spend a month with his wife, who has been there for some time past for the benefit of her health.

Rev. Keach of Alma Center preached Sunday morning and evening at the Congregational church. A good crowd was in attendance. Everybody welcome to come and hear a good sermon.

Mrs. John Kollenda, Mrs. Frank Sedall and Mrs. Peter Martenka left Monday for Winona, after the funeral of Alexander Sedall, who was a brother to Mrs. Kollenda, and the wife of Mrs. Sedall.

G. H. Ticknor of Wales was in the city Tuesday to attend the funeral of his father, Henry Ticknor. Owing to the distance it was impossible for the other son, Let Ticknor, who lives at Everson, Washington, to be here at the funeral.

Mrs. Ernest Belter entertained the M. W. Club of Wednesday afternoon and a very pleasant time was had by the members and their guests. Refreshments were served during the afternoon. The next meeting of the club will be at the home of Mrs. Otto Erdman.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kellogg entertained a party of their friends at their Third street home on Monday evening, the guest of honor being Mrs. J. H. Wright of Kalamazoo, Michigan. An auction bridge occupied the attention of the guests after dinner, the favors being awarded to Mrs. Richard Gibson, Mrs. C. E. Boles, C. E. Boles and W. E. Nash. A very pleasant time was had.

Mrs. Anna Kuehling came down Saturday night to visit her parents, Mrs. and Mr. Max Bidin.

Nick Ratelle went to Dancy Wednesday morning where he expects to buy about 1,000 bushels of oats and a couple of hundred bushels of corn.

A large crowd attended the dance Tuesday evening. Three sleigh loads of young people came up from the Rapids.

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